



THE

Tatler

& Bystander 2s. weekly 30 Mar. 1960



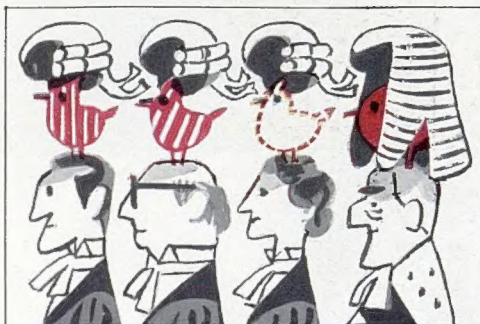
THE INSIDE &
OUTSIDE STORY



WHAT'S WITH IT IN WALLPAPERS & FABRICS... WHERE
OLD AND NEW GO TOGETHER... A KICK OUT OF WATER



Nature Watching in SCHWEPPSHIRE



Typical bird lovers are represented in the picture by A., an expert in the display flight of albino passerines: B. once wrote to Peter Scott: C. bought a book called "Thoro' Bush Thoro' Briar, our Friends of the Hedgerows": D. usually raises an imaginary gun and says "Bang bang".

NO. 2 TOWN WATCHING. Nature is where you find it: and you find it just as much in the most exceptionally built-up areas as anywhere, perhaps more so. Familiar urban sights which please us are the "shredded lace" effect of the back-garden cabbage leaf after attacks from the pretty caterpillar of the Cabbage White. Observe the ant manoeuvre pattern swarming on the faucets and disposal exits of the ordinary kitchen sink; and the delicate "dust and ashes" trail left by the common moth on the common best suit.

The great thing to do is to observe. In the picture we see typical barristers of the High Court of Rolls Mastership and Improvident Tenure, typically pausing in their work to observe the first spring appearance of the Little Stink (Odor odor odor), half of a pair proved to have been breeding behind the immersion heater of No. 122 Fish Row, though this fact is kept a secret, and it is important that the birds should not be disturbed, nor, if possible, looked at, except by members of the Federation of Prevention of Not Taking Any Notice. The "Little" is easily distinguished from the "Medium" Stink by a slight pinkness of the left eye and a tendency of the inner wing coverts to turn from beige to biscuit colour near the tip, though this is, typically, only revealed when the bird is flying fast and at 800 ft. It is interesting, too, that the contents of the crop of the London variety tends to vary towards an admixture, with the common wire worm, of the common slip-on paper clip. *Song*, a quick "blimp-blimp-blimp-Chah". *Alarm note*, a deeper "brrrrp brrrrp". *Invitation movement*, a kick backwards with the left foot. *Eggs*, secret.

Remember, we want you to use your eyes for yourselves. We tell you where to look.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

SWISS COUTURE IN KNITWEAR

Swyzerli[®]
*Just say Switzer-lee
from Switzerland*



PURE SILK JERSEY

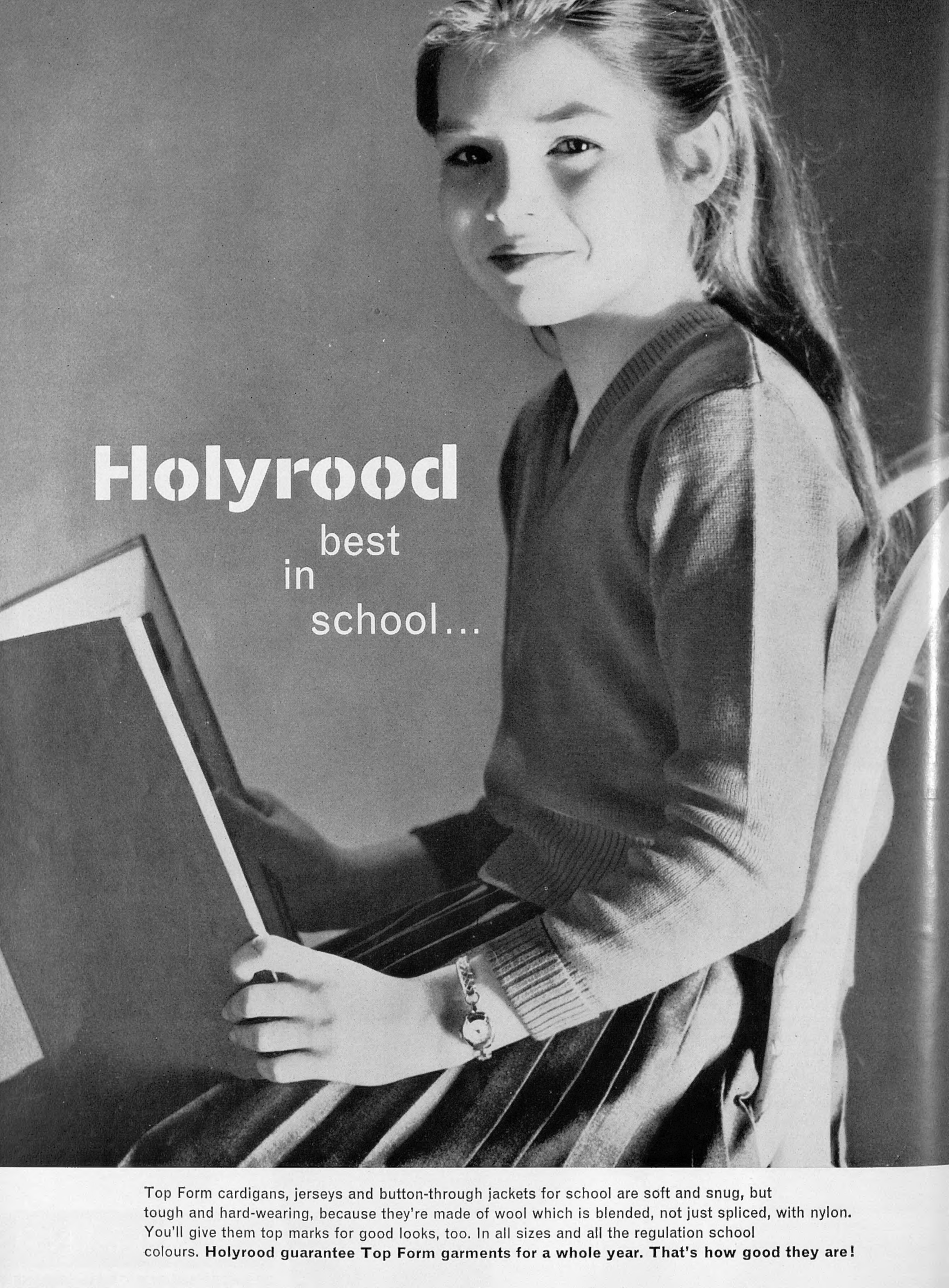
Enduring elegance, yet a flattering look of fashion in 'Valse' with its ingeniously styled bodice and immaculate lines throughout. In firm handling, fabulous TWO-WAY KNIT silk. Navy spotted White, Pearl Grey/White, Honey/White, Brown/Off-White.

HIP SIZES 38" to 42" 19½ gns.



WOOLLANDS

OF KNIGHTSBRIDGE · SW1 · SLOANE 45



Holyrood

best
in
school...

Top Form cardigans, jerseys and button-through jackets for school are soft and snug, but tough and hard-wearing, because they're made of wool which is blended, not just spliced, with nylon. You'll give them top marks for good looks, too. In all sizes and all the regulation school colours. **Holyrood guarantee Top Form garments for a whole year. That's how good they are!**

THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXV Number 3057

30 MARCH 1960

	Page
GOING PLACES:	
<i>Social dates</i>	606
<i>Where to eat</i> by John Baker White	607
<i>Travel</i> by Doone Beal	606
ENGAGEMENTS & WEDDINGS	608
SOCIAL NEWS & PICTURES	611
OTHER PEOPLE'S BABIES	648
LORD KILBRACKEN	622
FEATURES:	
<i>The Great Underpaid</i>	
photographed by Roger Hill	619
<i>The Inside & Outside Story</i>	
<i>A home fit for children to live in</i>	
by Monica Furlong	631
<i>New wallpapers & fabrics</i>	
by Counter Spy	632
<i>A marriage has been arranged</i>	
photographed by Sandra Lousada	635
<i>On tap—wheezes for water</i>	
by Ilse Gray	638
FASHION	
<i>Hop on a bus to Paris</i>	623
BEAUTY	
by Elizabeth Williamson	645
VERDICTS:	
<i>plays</i> by Anthony Cookman	640
<i>films</i> by Elspeth Grant	642
<i>books</i> by Siriol Hugh-Jones	642
<i>records</i> by Gerald Lascelles	643
<i>galleries</i> by Alan Roberts	644
MOTORING	
by Gordon Wilkins	646
THE SOCIAL ALPHABET	
by Francis Kinsman	647
COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY	
by Albert Adair	649
DINING IN	
by Helen Burke	650
<i>Postage:</i> Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom.	
<i>Subscription Rates:</i> Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.	
INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET ADELPHI LONDON W.C.2 (TRAFalgar 7020)	

A TIME TO THINK OF BUDGETS



Cover photographs by Sandra Lousada. For details of the items turn to *The Inside & Outside Story*, beginning on page 631

THIS being the eve of Budget week, an older man's fancy heavily turns to thoughts of finance. Particularly as it's also the time of year for spending on the home. To help direct the outlay into purposeful channels the COVER FEATURE tells *The Inside & Outside Story*: a symposium of refurbishing ideas for the house and the garden. Monica Furlong sets things off on a fresh tack with *A home fit for children to live in* (page 631), which suggests that suitable banisters and climbable trees come before silk wallpaper and germ-free floors. . . . Then Counter Spy looks at new wallpapers and fabrics (page 632). . . . In *A marriage has been arranged* (page 635) Sandra Lousada photographs the skilled blending of antique and contemporary furnishing in the home of F. H. K. Henrion, the distinguished typographer and designer who has just had a successful exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Arts. . . . Out in the garden the news is *On tap*, or how plastics help you to have ample water for both watering and ornamental effects. . . . All this is bound to make highly irritating reading to *The Great Underpaid*, whose plight receives a Budget-week pictorial examination (page 619). Roger Hill seemed just the fellow to take the photographs, as he has political ambitions of his own. If energy has anything to do with it, he should soon be in Parliament—he never stops working.

Another beaver for work is the peripatetic Gordon Wilkins, who in his splendid TV programme on racing drivers earlier this month omitted to mention that he is himself the holder of long-distance records at Monza in an Abarth-Fiat. With such a background he is able to write authoritatively on the Aston Martin this week (page 644). . . . Lord Kilbracken, pilot, oarsman and expert skier, is also a pretty accomplished contributor. This week his lecture tour in America has taken him as far as Minnesota, whence he sends back his article on *Duluth Discovered* (page 622). . . .

In Fashion this week the accent is still on Paris. Peter Clark and Norman Eales photograph French clothes that you can buy in London—just a matter of *Hop on a bus to Paris* (page 623)—and Graz draws the latest from those late-showers, Balenciaga and Givenchy (page 628).

Next week: The London Season Number, presenting *The Season & the pace . . . One-off is one up . . . Fabrics with flair . . .* and a full section on holidays in the British Isles.

GOING PLACES



Bullring and harbour at Malaga, seen from Gibralfaro

SOCIAL EVENTS

Dior Fashion Show and champagne buffet, Londonderry House, 6 April, in aid of Chelsea Red Cross. Tickets: 3 gns. from the Hon. Sec., 41 Egerton Crescent, S.W.3.

"Horse and Hound" Ball, Grosvenor House, 7 April. Tickets: 5 gns. (double), £2 15s. (single), from Sec., 96 Long Acre, W.C.2. (In aid of the Olympic Games & International Equestrian Fund.)

"Flower Drum Song," special performance on 13 April at the Palace Theatre, in aid of Rugby Old Guard Boys and Girls Clubs.

Silver Arrow Ball, Grosvenor House, 21 April, in aid of Harrow School Clubs. Tickets: £2 5s. from Miss A. Stevenson, 47 Pont St., S.W.1.

SPORT

The Boat Race: Oxford v. Cambridge, Putney to Mortlake, 2 April.

Point-to-points: Quorn Hunt, Cropwell Bishop, Notts, 31 March; **Berkeley Hunt**, Woodford, Glos, 9 April.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera: Verdi's *Macbeth* (first ever performance at Covent Garden), 7.30 p.m. tonight, also 5, 8, 11, 14, 16 & 20 April.

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. Gala performance for General de Gaulle, 9.15 p.m., 7 April.

Sadler's Wells: New production of *La Tosca*, 7.30 p.m., 2 April.

Royal Festival Hall: April Fools' Day concert, 8.15 p.m., 1 April; **Jazz concerts**, 5.30 & 8.30 p.m., 2 April; **Leipzig Gewandhaus orchestra**, 8 p.m., 4 April; **R.A.F. Anniversary concert**, 8 p.m., 6 April.

Royal Albert Hall: Tchaikovsky Night, Weingarten with the London Symphony Orchestra, 7.30 p.m., 2 April.

ART

Contemporary Art Society Jubilee Exhibition, starts 1 April, at the Tate Gallery.

Photographs of Artists & Writers of England, France & the U.S.S.R., by Ida Kar. Whitechapel Art Gallery.

Young Contemporaries 1960, R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1.

Small Collectors Pie (exhibition of drawings, water colours & prints of last three centuries), Ditchling Gallery, Sussex.

FESTIVALS

Season of Shakespeare Comedies, Memorial Theatre, Stratford-on-Avon, 5 April-26 November. Opening play *The Two Gentlemen Of Verona*; 12 April, *The Merchant Of Venice*.

H A R O



FIRST NIGHTS

Arts Theatre. *The Admiration Of Life*. Tonight.

Old Vic. *What Every Woman Knows*. 12 April.

Haymarket Theatre. *Ages Of Man*. 13 April.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 640.

A Majority Of One. "... warmly sentimental tribute . . . to the American Jewish momma. . . ." Robert Morley, Molly Picon (Phoenix Theatre, TEM 8611).

The Wrong Side Of The Park. "... an arresting piece of drama that rings true. . . ." Margaret Leighton, Richard Johnson, Charles Heslop. (Cambridge Theatre, TEM 6056.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see p. 642.

G.R. = General release

The Battle Of The Sexes. "... an amiable and adroit comedy. . . ." Peter Sellers, Constance Cummings, Robert Morley. G.R.

The Royal Ballet. "... two hours of beauty such as one can scarcely hope to see matched in the cinema." Margot Fonteyn, Michael Somes. (Columbia, REG 5414.)

Coasting in Spain

by DOONE BEAL

REVISITING southern Spain last month for the first time in four years, I was astonished to discover how cheap it still is, in spite of the tourist boom. The Reina Christina, in Algeciras—one of the most luxurious hotels in Spain—charges £2 a night for two people, double room with private bath. They have built a swimming pool since last I was there, and also have their own transport to a private beach at Getares, complete with restaurant and *cabañas*, two miles away. Nothing in the little harbour town of Algeciras itself has changed. The cafés still produce dishes of prawns with the sherry, and the shoeshine boys still try to rip off the sole of your shoe while you aren't looking . . . I found it full of charm.

It is rather to the east of Gibraltar, along the Malaga coast, that there have been changes, some for the better. One example is the spectacular new Golf Hotel at Guadalmina, near Marbella. This is a low slung, whitewashed beach hotel with private *cabañas*, rather in the Jamaican tradition (though far from Jamaican prices, at 30s. per head per day, inclusive). The central block of dining-rooms and bar is imaginatively decorated and each *cabaña* opens on its own patio. There is an outdoor bar and dancing, and a swimming pool built on to the beach, as well as a golf course.

In the village of Marbella is a pretty and amusing night club, the Jacaranda, hub of much of the local Anglo-Spanish villa community.

Nearby, the Marbella Club is an established favourite with English visitors. Set in its own lovely gardens, it is domestic, peaceful and comfortable. It is, perhaps, a trifle intimate in scale for some tastes, and I'm not sure that I would commend it to the under-thirties. El Rodeo—another bungalow hotel,

also near Marbella—is gayer.

The coast just beyond Marbella is delightful, with hillocks of olive and cork tree plantations, terracotta soil and white farmhouses. Towards Torremolinos, some 70 kilometres farther east, the sea-board flattens and deteriorates somewhat. Torremolinos, now a baby seaside metropolis, has a night-club (Mañana), a variety of bars, and several new hotels including a skyscraper establishment named the Pez Espada (Sword Fish), that spiritually belongs in Caracas or Miami. It has a swimming pool, breakfast bar, drinking bars, night-club, shops and hairdresser in addition to the usual amenities, and prices, even for this *luxe*, are only 55s. a day, inclusive. As I padded around my extensive, top-floor suite, I remembered with some amusement the last time I stayed in Torremolinos in a more typical hotel, where one got a sharp electric shock from the bath taps!

Feeling, after a night in Pez Espada, as though I had sat through an as yet unmade James Bond movie, I found an evening of pavement cafés in Malaga a welcome recharger. Malaga has, mercifully, been by-passed in terms of the more obvious tourist targets. It is full of character, dignity, good food (try the Alegria Restaurant), and those atmospheric, tile-fronted old bars with smoked hams and sausage slung from the ceilings—the kind where you sit down to a bottle of sherry. It has some of the best bull fights and some good shops. A good new hotel is Los Mercedes, with all of its rooms facing the sea. Another—though you will be lucky to get rooms there in the season—is the Government *Parador* at Gibralfaro. Spanish *Paradors* are renowned for low prices, comfort and service, and this one has also some of the best food on the coast.

Malaga is an excellent touring base. To the east is the *corniche* road, running along the glorious sugar cane coast, with its mirage-like white hilltop villages luring one ever farther to the next and on to the next. Inland from Motril, you can drive up into the Sierras and Granada; and from Granada, there is a 40-mile stretch of pure moon country punctuated only by the hill villages of Guadix and Baza, and the gipsy cave settlements with their powder-blue doors buried deep in the parchment-coloured rocks. To the west of Malaga, one can make the trip up into Ronda, and spend the night there, continuing next day over the rough, glorious mountain road (not on tourist schedules) to Jerez and the sherry bodegas where, in one lodge, they still keep a glass of Oloroso and a string of cheese for the mice.

This little corner of Spain, taken in conjunction with the new cheap air fare to Gibraltar and its local car hire facilities, offers some of the best value in Europe. Some of its rougher corners have been rubbed off, but it is not impossible to rediscover Laurie Lee's Spain. Inland, you can go just as native as you ever could. And, though I have talked of communities and hotels, there are long stretches of coast between Gibraltar and Malaga where you have only to stop the car in order to enjoy beach and ocean without another soul in sight.



WHERE TO EAT

After the theatre

by JOHN BAKER WHITE

"WHERE CAN ONE eat after the theatre?" is a question I am asked constantly. Too many small restaurants advertising "theatre suppers" serve them grudgingly and with indecent haste. Others that stay open late are expensive, and have entertainments which the theatre-goer, often faced with a long journey home, does not want. Those restaurants not in that

category should make up their minds if they really want to stay open late, and say clearly what is the latest hour at which they are prepared to serve a full meal with full service. I can recommend the first two below.

C.S. = Closed Sundays

W.B. = Wise to book a table

The Guinea and the Piggy, 20 Leicester Square. (TRA 4910.) C.S. This restaurant starts business at 6 p.m. and stays open until 1 a.m. Having paid one guinea at the door you are free to help yourself from a wide range of well-cooked hot and cold dishes attractively arranged on a long buffet. You can pass on to the *patisserie*, of high quality, and the cheeseboard. Only drinks are extra: there is an adequate wine list and good draught Dutch lager. It could also be a useful lunchtime place for hard-pressed business executives. W.B.

The Candle-Light Room, May Fair Hotel. (MAY 7777.) C.S. Whether you feel like dancing or not, this is a pleasant place for a late dinner or theatre supper. Décor and lighting are restful, the service good. The cabaret is of high quality but brief, and Harry Roy's band awakens nostalgia for the '30s. The Pinkerton Boys provide good, not too aggressive calypso music. W.B.

Gales, 13 Percy Street, W.C.1. (MUS 4804.) Open Sundays 6.30-10.30 p.m. Tommy Gale, an experienced Cockney restaurateur, has here achieved a first-class restaurant of his own. Game dishes are a speciality, including *Canard Sauvage à la Presse*. The wine list is good. For those prepared to spend a bit more there are six splendid wines specially shipped for this restaurant. W.B.

Casa Pepe, 151 Fulham Road (Pelham Court). (KEN 7749.) C.S. The Taberna, downstairs, full of music and song, is a good deal more gay than many restaurants in Spain. The street level restaurant is pleasant, as is the bar, but more sedate. There are some interesting dry, and very dry, sherries. W.B.

Andreas, 8 Blacklands Terrace, just off the King's Road. C.S. (KNI 2919.) This is a smallish restaurant, simply furnished in the modern Greek style. The cooking is good, as is the quality of the meat and the sauces. Wines include a reasonably priced Greek Samos. W.B. dinner.

The Vine Grill, 3 Piccadilly Place, W.1. (REG. 5789.) C.S. This establishment stands on the same site as the famous Elvino's and the bar preserves its reputation. The small grillroom upstairs is done up to resemble the saloon of a comfortable yacht, and is deservedly well-known for the quality of its meat and cooking. W.B.

Younger Set by Horrockses

Style No. N.35
in fine piqué
Sizes: 9-15
about 5 gns.





Madame Yevonde

Miss Clare Elisabeth March to Mr. Nigel Warrack. *She is the daughter of the late Mr. Richard March, and of Mrs. March, of Spanish Place, London, W.1. He is the son of Mr. & Mrs. Guy Warrack, of Campden House Terrace, Kensington, W.8*



Madame Yevonde

Miss Ann Walston to Mr. Charles Brewin. *She is the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. D. Walston, Newton Hall, Newton, Cambridge. He is the only son of Maj. C. N. Brewin, M.C., & Mrs. Brewin, Selwyn House, Kilgetty, Pembrokeshire*



Tom Hustler

Miss Margaret Ann Russell to Mr. John Michael Hubert Lee. *She is the elder daughter of Mr. J. M. Russell, I.C.S., & Mrs. Russell, of Worfield St., S.W.11, and of Accra, Ghana. He is the only son of Mr. & Mrs. V. Lee, of Bracknell, Berks*

Engagements



Gage—Baring: Ann Caroline Thalia, elder daughter of Maj. & Mrs. Edward Gage, Chyknell, Bridgnorth, Shropshire, married the Hon. Robin Baring, younger son of Lord & Lady Ashburton, Ithen Stoke House, Alresford, Hampshire, at the Grosvenor Chapel, W.1



Tagg—Thomas: Anne Eluned, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Leslie Tagg, of Bessacarr, Doncaster, married Hywel Gruffydd Edwards (Huw), younger son of Mr. R. D. Thomas, and the late Mrs. Thomas, of Pembrey, Carmarthenshire, at St. Michael's, Chester Sq.

Weddings



Tremayne—Willis: Penelope, daughter of Air Marshal Sir John Tremayne, & the late Lady Tremayne, of Wadebridge, Cornwall, married Harold Anthony, son of the late Mr. & Mrs. D. L. Willis, of Richmond, Surrey, at St. Mary's Abbey, Bodmin



Isaac—Bore: Muriel Ann, younger daughter of Wing-Comdr. & Mrs. F. H. Isaac, Collingwood, Esher, Surrey, married Flt. Lieut. John E. Bore, son of Mr. & Mrs. W. Bore, of Westminster, S.W.1, at St. Raphael's Church, Kingston-upon-Thames



De Hoghton—Adams: Philomena, widow of Sir Cuthbert De Hoghton, Bt., married Mr. Graham Adams, Administrator of Kaduna, Nigeria, son of Mr. & Mrs. Godfrey Adams, of Radlett, Herts, at Our Lady of the Apostles', Kaduna

Jens Bjerre

*his new book,
beautifully
illustrated in
colour and
black and white*

Kalahari
(30/-)

Elizabeth Janeway

a new novel

THE
THIRD CHOICE
(21/-)

Coming April 11th

The Final Diagnosis

(S) MICHAEL JOSEPH

ADVANCES

£50—£10,000
Without Security

THE
EDGWARE TRUST
LTD

28 Mount Street
Park Lane, London, W.1

Telephones:
MAYfair 0751 & HYDe Park 6452



'Courtesy'
Elegant afternoon dress in screen printed pure silk.
Also in 'petite' sizes for the 5' 2" and under.
At leading fashion houses everywhere.
9½ gns.

MARCUSA
IN PURE SILK

STYLED BY
MARCUS

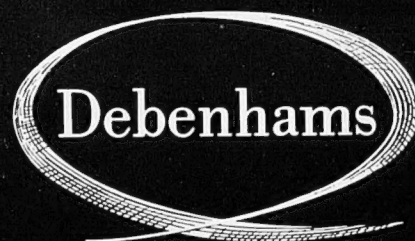
For your nearest stockist write to 'Marcusa', Marcol House, 293 Regent Street, London, W.1

We
chose
this
in
Paris

To show just how entrancing a hat can be . . .
utterly feminine, diaphanous net in a wide, wide brim
throws misty light on the face. One lovely example
of the glorious hats we have for spring and summer.



Lanvin Castillo at





Cecil Beaton

H.R.H. Prince Andrew Albert Christian Edward

The names were entered in the Caxton Hall register in a special non-fading ink when the registrar called at Buckingham Palace the day before the first pictures, including this one, were released. Earlier, in a session lasting nearly two hours, Mr. Cecil Beaton photographed the baby with the Queen, with his brother and sister, and in a family group. Another picture overleaf



The prince in close-up. Born on 19 February, he was two days short of four weeks old when this picture was taken of him in his lace-trimmed white robe. Another new picture of the royal baby will appear in The Tatler next week



Propelled by Dame Pattie Menzies, the red Australian wine strikes the 45,000-ton Canberra

MURIEL BOWEN

A social muster for a Belfast launching

KNOWING how fond I am of ships, **Sir William Currie, P. & O.**'s chairman, arranged for me to be invited to the launching of the *Canberra*, the years-ahead liner he visualized and ordered. It turned out to be the most exciting launching I'd ever seen. **Dame Pattie Menzies**, wife of the Australian Prime Minister, named the ship with a bottle of rich red Australian wine, which billowed over the bow. Then she pulled the lever to set the electronic launching gear in motion. But the 45,000-ton *Canberra* didn't budge.

Sir Frederick Rebbeck, 82-year-old chairman of Harland & Wolff, the ship's builders, looked intently over the side of the launching platform. Then, relief. "She's moving," he said. "Yes, she's going all right."

There was a mighty cheer, the band struck up "Anchor's Aweigh," and **Sir William Currie** waved his bowler. **Lord Wakehurst**, Governor of Northern Ireland, put his movie camera to his eye, but his hat kept getting in his way. "Put it on your head!" somebody suggested. He did, and then shot his pictures without hindrance.

It was Belfast's biggest launching for 46 years and there was a lot of talk of ships at the lunch given after the launching by **Sir Frederick Rebbeck**. **Sir William Currie** predicted that *Canberra*, circling the globe and calling at 27 ports, will provide "a real rest from this hectic life of rush—breakfast in London, dinner in New York." Amid laughter he added that the age of supersonic

air travel will result in passenger ships becoming "convalescent homes for the weary air traveller."

Viscount Brookeborough, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, also made a humorous speech. For those who hadn't heard him before, it was a surprise—for **Lord Brookeborough** cultivates a lugubrious expression.

Most of the guests had travelled much by sea, and they enjoyed the sea stories. They included **Viscount & Viscountess Simon**, **Lord & Lady MacDermott**, **Sir Donald & Lady Anderson** and their daughters Jennifer and Lindsay (when **Sir William** retires this week after 22 years as P. & O. chairman he'll be succeeded by **Sir Donald**), and **Lord & Lady Geddes**. By the way, **Lady Geddes** is one of the best shuffeboard players I've ever met aboard ship.

Others there were **Viscount Bruce of Melbourne**, **Mr. & Mrs. Hamish Currie** and their son David (on leave from the Army), **Sir Allen & Lady Brown**, and **Mr. & Mrs. John West** (he's the 32-year-old designer of the ship and is also making a niche for himself in children's television).

Lord Glentoran, Northern Ireland's handsome Commerce Minister, told me: "We'll be building the atomic submarine for the Royal Navy in Northern Ireland. After that we hope to build an atomic tanker."

Sir Hugh Casson, who with his architect wife is planning the interior decorations of the public rooms on *Canberra*, was also there.

He's clearly enjoying the job, though his only experience of ocean travel was a trip to South Africa, tourist ("eight in a cabin"), after the war.

The launching prompted a spate of parties in Northern Ireland. **Viscountess Brookeborough** gave a dinner party at Stormont House which was much praised by her guests. She had the **Duke & Duchess of Abercorn** and **Sir William & Lady Currie** staying for the launching. **Mr. & Mrs. Denis Lamont**, **Lady Lloyd Jones**, and **Mrs. H. R. Hamner** were among the dinner party guests.

The large dining-room, which overlooks the terrace, was gay with narcissi and forsythia and illuminated with tall candles in silver candelabra. To eat there was clear soup, salmon, roast turkey, lemon cream sponge and coffee—though not all of it for the host. He arrived late—the House of Commons kept him.

SHOOTING PARTY

The most planned and thought-about lunch to be held in the City for years took place when the Lord Mayor of London, **Sir Edmund Stockdale**, entertained his shooting friends at the Mansion House. "Ever since I became an alderman 12 years ago I've thought of having them all here for a meal," he told me. What a fascinating

continued overleaf

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

gathering it was—ninety of the country's best shots. Unfortunately **Prince Philip** was in bed with 'flu and had to telegraph regrets. But the bag included two dukes (**Wellington** and **Roxburghe**), six earls (**Scarborough**, **Cottenham**, **Lisburne**, **Caithness**, **Carnarvon**, and **Pembroke**), and a positive covey of knights and honourables. There was also a brace or two from the Services, and a solitary bishop, His Grace of **Chester**.

The guests were in the rare position of knowing each other well, and of also knowing that they won't be asked again—the Lord Mayor is only in office for one year. So they were frank about Sir Edmund's sketches of birds on the menu card. "They look injured!" said one, suggesting a ghastly crime. "Must have been shot by our host!" ventured another.

Around the guests the Egyptian Hall glittered with all the grandeur of blue velvet and gold plate. Livered servants recharged glasses. "If a covey of partridges were to come in here now I would give them no more than a few seconds," said Sir Edmund. The shots smiled. It's nice to be good, nicer when somebody else rubs it in.

I wondered who were the country's ten best shots. These names were given me (and all were present); the Earl of Carnarvon and his son **Lord Porchester**, **Mr. Dick Dennis**, **Mr. Joseph** & **Mr. Sam Nickerson**, **Mr. Eric Lloyd**, the Duke of **Roxburghe**, **Major "Barty" Clowes**, **Mr. Peter Dennis**, and **Mr. Guy Moreton**.

Sir Edmund shoots over 1,600 acres in Hampshire and once supplied the entire bag of partridges for a Sheriffs' breakfast. He had his three gamekeepers and two dog-handlers at the lunch; there was no sign of Robbie, his favourite golden retriever, who paraded in the Lord Mayor's Show last year.

"I'm afraid some of my friends were horrified over the amount of publicity

Robbie got," Sir Edmund told me. "They say he's not nearly as good a gun dog as the papers said."

ROYALTY AT SANDOWN

The **Queen Mother** was at the Grand Military Meeting at Sandown Park and she went to the unsaddling enclosure to give Jaipur a pat after he'd come in second in an important two-mile hurdle race. This stockily-built brown is her latest horse. He came over from France a few weeks ago from Prince Aly Khan, who had some success with him on the flat. At Sandown he came close to beating the Irish speed merchant Gun Smoke in a thrilling finish.

The **Duke & Duchess of Gloucester**—almost *habitués* at leading military functions—were with the Queen Mother in the royal box. When **Capt. P. Bengough** won the Grand Military Gold Cup the Queen Mother asked the duchess to present the trophy. **Capt. Bengough** belongs to the duke's old regiment, the 10th Hussars.

It was an exciting day, too, for **Mr. Gay Kindersley**, whose J'Arrive came up on the outside to win the Past & Present Hunters' Steeplechase. So far **Mr. Kindersley** has had 17 wins this season, making him the leading National Hunt amateur.

Not a large crowd, but they came from all parts of the country: **Gen. Sir Richard McCreery**, **Mr. Christopher Soames**, the War Minister, & **Mrs. Soames**, **Major & Mrs. James Friend**, **Miss Cynthia Graham-Menzies**, **Lt.-Col. the Hon. Julian Berry** & **Mrs. Berry** (wearing a becoming twist of ocelot on her head) and **Miss Teresa Buckingham**, who is coming out this year.

FULL STUDIO

Back in town the Duchess of Gloucester's sister-in-law, **Lady George Scott**, had a party at her studio in Glebe Place for the coming-

out of her second daughter, **Charmian**. **Lady George**, a woman of parts, runs a large place at Ramsbury, Wilts, a house in Chelsea, and a career. As artist **Molly Bishop** she spends two or three days a week in town. Bringing out a second daughter, she finds, isn't nearly so hectic as a first. For one thing the elder girl is likely to mastermind her sister's early parties—and that was what happened on this occasion.

"I hardly know anybody here—they're all Gina's friends," said **Charmian**, her huge eyes scanning the room. *Who* are Gina's friends? **The Hon. Dominic Elliot, Viscount Royston** (22-year-old heir to the Earl of Hardwicke), **Mr. Richard Stanes**, **Mr. Robin Newman**, **Miss Sally Hunter**, **Miss Sarah Jane Corbett**, and **Miss Allegra Kent-Taylor**. **Miss Georgina Scott**, who came out two years ago, now has what's become a fashionable job: salesgirl in a ski clothes department.

Lady George was delighted at the crush. "There's a party next door at the Pen Club for Huguenots," she said. "We were terribly scared our people would go to them and theirs to us."

FULL EMBASSY

The crowd at **Lady George's** was nothing to what **Mr. Hugh McCann**, the Irish Ambassador, and his American wife had to shake hands with at the Irish Embassy reception celebrating the Feast of St. Patrick. Fortunately the McCanns have a flair for making people feel at home and welcome (*pictures: page 616*).

All London's 250,000 Southern Irish seemed to be there. "Actually," said the Ambassador, "there are many more whom I would have liked to invite, but as you see the place is pretty stuffed with people as it is. I expect those I couldn't ask won't talk to me now."

concluded on page 616

BRIGGS by Graham





Sir Nicholas Nuttall, Bt., on his horse Stalbridge Park in the paddock at Sandown before the start of the Grand Military Gold Cup, which was won by Capt. P. Bengough's Joan's Rival. Sir Nicholas came third

The Duchess of Gloucester presented the Grand Military Cup to Capt. P. Bengough, 10th Hussars

Mr. Gay Kindersley on his horse J'Arrive. He won the Past & Present Hunters' Steeplechase



Royal Day at Sandown

PHOTOS: DESMOND O'NEILL



The Queen Mother walks to the paddock with her trainer, Mr. Peter Cazalet

Gen. Sir Francis Festing, C.I.G.S., with Mr. & Mrs. Christopher Soames



A great day for the Irish!

The Ambassador gave a reception at the embassy in honour of St. Patrick's day

PHOTOS: DESMOND O'NEILL



Nita McCann, the Ambassador's seven-year-old daughter



Mrs. Clare O'Sullivan with Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Lindsay. Mr. Lindsay is an architect



The Irish Ambassador, Mr. Hugh J. McCann, and Mrs. McCann, the youngest ambassador's wife in London



Lord Kilmain, who is a film producer and author



Mr. Louis Macneice, the Irish poet, lives in London



Miss Mary Rose Slowey, a dress designer from Dublin, was on her way to Paris for the showing of her collection

MURIEL BOWEN *continued*

The white-and-gold drawing-room, had Caracci's exquisite "Flight Into Egypt" over the mantelpiece. It is on loan from the National Gallery of Ireland, as are many of the pictures at the Embassy. Incidentally, I hear that the controversial Lane pictures at London's National Gallery will be on their way to Dublin within a few months—just as soon as the Irish have rearranged their galleries for them.

But to get back to the Embassy party. There were long discussions (a surprising number of them in Gaelic) about the respective merits of various Irish horses. "Albergo for the Imperial Cup," they said. Unfortunately I understood—and as result I think that the people who weren't invited to the party (and thought that they should have been) have very good reason to be talking to Mr. McCann. Albergo only came second.

FOR THE LION BOYS

The interests of the Lion Boys Club at Hoxton received well-connected attention at a party given in Lord Bossom's fine house in Carlton House Terrace. (Pictures: opposite). Receiving the guests were Lady Mary Bailey, the Earl of Haddington's daughter (she was one of the Queen's trainbearers at the Coronation) Lord Stonham (former Labour M.P. Victor Collins) and Mr. Malcolm Stonestreet, a theology student.

Plans for a new clubhouse were outlined by Mr. Stonestreet. It is hoped that most of the money for it will come from the performance of *The Most Happy Fella* at the Coliseum on 25 April. This is the latest Broadway musical scheduled for production here. It was written by Frank Loesser, of *Guys & Dolls* fame. The party was given to drum up ticket sales.

Students of King's College, London—most of them from the theological faculty—have been running the club for the past 25 years. One of them, Viscountess Stansgate ("she's studied theology at King's off and on for the past 30 years," her fellow student Mr. Bill Penney told me) spoke of the club from first-hand experience: "The boys attend various classes. They collect shoes from all the old people they know and mend them for nothing. They wear most peculiar clothes—drainpipe trousers and those pointed shoes—but they do marvellous work."

The number of people who came to the party was indicative of the sympathy and interest in the boys' work. Lady Cynthia Colville, that authority on social work, was there, and so were Princess Joan Aly Khan, Mr. & Mrs. Graham Bailey, Mr. Simon Sainsbury, Miss Helen Hudson (she's a tutor to women students at King's), and Lady Diana Herbert.



Viscountess Stansgate

The most happy fellas

The Lion Boys Club stands to benefit from a reception given at Lord Bossom's

PHOTOS A. V. SWABE



Lord & Lady Foley, who were married in America last year



Mr. Malcolm Stonestreet, Lady Mary Bailey and Lord Stonham, who are respectively vice-chairman, chairman and president of the gala performance of The Most Happy Fella



The Hon. Mrs. Robin Warrender, the Hon. Katharine Smith, Viscount Hambleden's younger sister, and Miss Elizabeth Hoyer Millar



Mr. Adrian Bailey and his father Mr. Graham Bailey



Lady Diana Herbert, the Earl of Pembroke's daughter



Princess Joan Aly Khan, a vice-president of the performance

Point - to - point



of the Suffolk

Bright weather encouraged a record turn-out of riders and spectators for the Point-to-point meeting of the Suffolk Hunt at Moulton, near Newmarket. The going was good on a course that is famous in the county for its quick draining. Judging was conducted by Major T. L. Dearbergh seen (top) on his stand at the winning post. Left: Mrs. A. F. Holland holds her husband's horse Tantalus in the paddock, while Lt.-Col. J. E. Spencer saddles up to ride in the Adjacent Hunts' Race. Far left: Stewards Col. W. N. Gray (left) and Major the Hon. James Philipps (right) watch the races with Mr. C. E. Harvey from the stewards' stand. Lower left: The field pounds uphill in the Open Race (division 2), won by Mr. W. C. Saunders's Cureas. Below: Mr. G. C. H. Cowell, Miss Josephine Turner and Mrs. D. J. Raker, whose husband was on the committee of the meeting. Her husband's horse Vasco da Gama won the Suffolk Hunt Members' Race. It was ridden by Mr. Cowell's son

PHOTOS: VAN HALLAN

The Great Underpaid

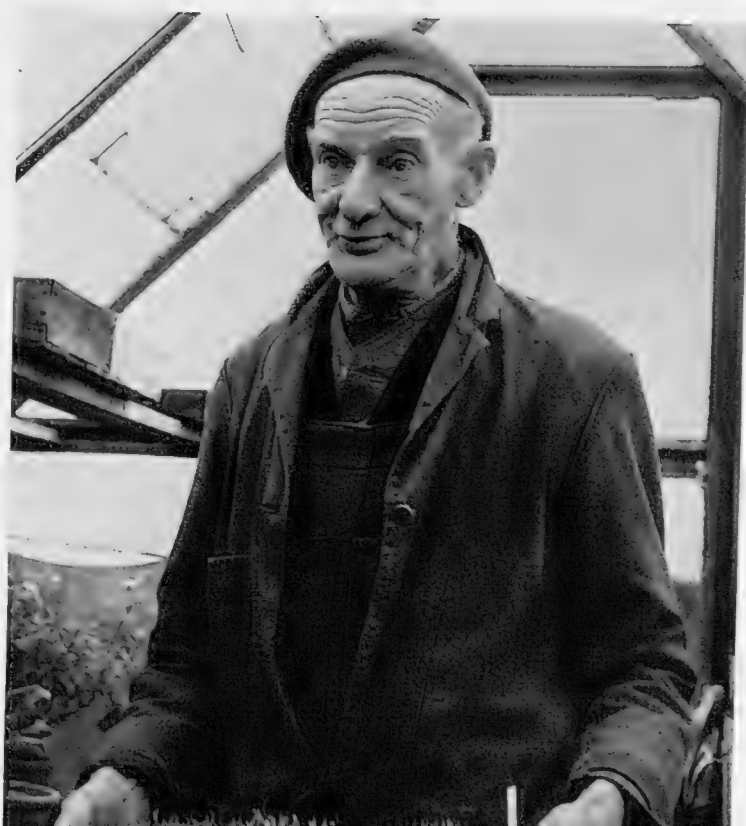
Before the war there were depressed areas. Now, amid the postwar prosperity, there are depressed trades. ROGER HILL's photographs pick out a few whose incomes are too far down the scale to have much to hope for from Budget tax concessions

THE POLICEMAN

He may be wonderful but he hasn't got such a wonderful job. Out in all weathers, awkward hours, endless form-filling. Once there was the balm of public approval, but years of trying to cope short-handed have bred hostility. Better-educated men don't fancy the job, which isn't surprising at £13-odd a week after nine years—even with free housing

THE FARM WORKER

He likes living in the country. He likes his tied cottage and he likes the cheaper vegetables and milk. He likes the open air, which is just as well because in summer he'll be out working in it late into the evening. He likes the country, all right—some people would say he must be in love with every blade of grass to put in a basic 47-hour week for £7 16s.





THE RAILWAYMAN

This one stands by the barrier and checks the tickets. Tedious, uncomfortable work, and no tips or free housing to make it more appealing. Also, nowhere else to go for a better job in the same trade. Nationalization has not worked out quite the way it sounded in the union resolutions of the '30s and '40s. For him, as a London ticket collector (Class I), it means £8 18s. 6d., and even Guillebaud won't turn that into an income to raise a family on



THE BANK CLERK

He's entering a few more noughts in the ledger and in a minute he'll be handing over another wad of notes to be stuffed into somebody else's wallet. He works longer hours than any customer would guess from the brief intervals when the bank is open to the public. Always poring over figures, he hardly gets time to daydream. But then, what would he daydream about? Becoming manager of a country branch when he is 40 and earning £20 a week?

THE SHOP ASSISTANT *(below)*

She'll show you the wares and tell you the prices and wait while you make your mind up. She may even smile at you. You couldn't call it skilled work, certainly not when the shop assistant (as so often happens) keeps you waiting, knows next to nothing about what she's selling, and imparts even that much with surliness. But could you call it easy to take a pride in your work on a £5 18s. minimum for five and a half days a week?

The Great Underpaid

concluded





THE SCHOOLMASTER

He moulds the coming generation, and gets blamed for most of its deficiencies, including table manners. His classes are usually packed, and in most schools he is unarmed—he has to make up with sheer force of character. True, he gets at least eight

weeks' holiday a year, and his after-hours activities (marking homework, coaching the team) aren't really so demanding. But is it worth taking an honours degree for a starting salary (in London) of under £15 a week—and the slowest of prospects?

Duluth discovered by LORD KILBRACKEN

TILL a few weeks ago, I had never heard of Duluth, Minnesota, which is where I happen to find myself at the moment of writing, and I don't expect that *you* have either. This just goes to show how ignorant we are, and how vast is the United States, because unheard-of Duluth turns out to be the largest freshwater port in the world—it's on the shores of Lake Superior—and has a population of 104,511.

So it is stated, anyway, in the highly informative preface to the local telephone directory, which, together with the Bible, forms the total literature provided in my rather grand room at the Hotel Duluth. (An association known as the Gideons sees to it that a Bible is placed in almost every hotel room in the States.) I have been reading the directory with interest, before getting on to the Gideons, and there is practically no information about Duluth that cannot be extracted from it.

The preface informs me, for instance, that the first whites to set eyes on the present site of the city were two French fur traders, Radisson and Grossiellier, who did so in 1660, just 300 years ago. (Previously, it was all Sioux and Chippewa Indians.) Next came Daniel de Greysolon Sieur du Lhut—whence the city's name—who raised the French flag here in 1679. The preface does not state who hauled the French flag down, but mentions that the town was *platted*, which may be a misprint for *plotted*, in 1856, and became a city in 1870.

Duluth, says the telephone directory, is now second only to New York in "annual shipping tonnage," and over a quarter of the world's iron ore is produced "on the vast near-by Vermillion, Cuyuna and Mesabi iron ranges." It is equally proudly claimed that Duluth has been the headquarters of the Hay Fever Club of America for more than 30 years, which must imply *something*.

So much for the preface. It is from the directory's so-called Yellow Pages, which are in fact yellow, that I have derived most information, though some of this is of doubtful ultimate value. These pages constitute the "classified" section, and it is impossible to conceive a more subdivided classification. It begins with Abdominal Supports, Abstrac-

ters, Accordions, Accountants, and progresses through Grain Inspectors, Granite, Grave Markers, Grease Guns and Taxicabs, Taxidermists, Tea, Teachers to Yachts, Yard Goods, Yeast and Zinc Platers. (What on earth are Yard Goods?)

I can tell you with authority that there are, in Duluth, two Manufacturers of Electric Meat Saws, two Hat Renovators, two Mausoleums, one Armoured Car Service, one Manufacturer of Artificial Limbs, and 143 Attorneys. There are also pages and pages of surgeons and physicians, countless Television dealers, six Pizza Palaces, ten Pest Controllers, and 18 Purveyors of Sand and Gravel.

The religious life in Duluth appears to be active, though complex. Every church, temple or synagogue is listed in the yellow pages. There are far too many to count—they occupy two and a half pages—and they are subdivided into no fewer than 37 denominations, which works out at one denomination for every 2,800 inhabitants. Among them are all those of which I have ever heard, including Greek Orthodox and Serbian Orthodox and Seventh Day Adventist, not to mention ST JOHN THE BAPT (*sic*) among Churches, and others of which I never expect to hear again, such as the Glad Tidings Assembly of God, the Foursquare Gospel Church, and the Evangelical United Brethren.

Finally, under "*Churches—Various*," there is a single entry, which reads, simply, "I AM ACTIVITY," with no further elucidation beyond address and phone number.

In the field of education there are 38 so-called public schools (so-called because they *are* public) and 16 Catholic parochial schools. There are the Duluth branch of the University of Minnesota ("expected ultimately to attract 4,000 to 5,000 students annually"), the College of St. Scholastica for women, and three business schools. There are also schools of Beauty, Civil Service, Dancing, Electronics, Modelling, Music, Nursery, Sewing and Automobiles.

Under "Cultural Facilities" it is noted that "the city has the semi-professional Duluth Civic Symphony Orchestra of 85 pieces, which has been rated by critics as one of the leading orchestras in the country." *Uh-huh*.

The Duluth Playhouse is "one of America's oldest and most successful amateur dramatic organizations." *Uh-huh* again. There are 176,241 volumes in the Duluth public library, which has 21 branches in the city.

I discovered with surprise that there are only 44 "beer parlors," *i.e.* pubs, which are thus far out-numbered by the churches. (In *my* hometown, Killesandra, there are two churches and, I think, 13 beer parlours.) There is the Fall Inn Tavern, Kom-On-Inn Inc., the Strip Nite Club, and the mysterious Normanna Inn, which offers these five commodities for sale, and only these: Gas, Beer, Pop, Minnows and Confectionery.

There are three and a half pages of Beauty Shops, which thus, almost alone, occupy more space than the churches. ("FEELING DROOPY?" inquires one salon. "*Then Let Us Fashion Your Hair in Such a Way That You Will Dare to Dream Again!*") However, from what I have seen walking around the city, they do not seem to have been markedly successful.

There are 41 hotels and motels, which must be hard put to it to accommodate the "hundreds of thousands of tourists who come annually to Duluth to enjoy its summer climate and to vacation in the nearby North Shore, Arrowhead, and other scenic areas." For their enjoyment, there are four golf courses, 17 tennis courts, 19 playgrounds and six athletic fields; but there are only five cinemas and only one theatre.

There are trout streams "within the city," as well as "deep-sea trolling for Lake Superior trout." Moreover, the many hills in Duluth "provide excellent tobogganning, ski-ing *and sliding*" (my italics) and there are 40 skating rinks. "Points of interest" include the Duluth Zoo, the Northern Bible Society Museum, the coal docks and grain elevators, the Municipal Arboretum and the Darling Observatory.

So if you are looking for an electric meat saw, or would enjoy a good day's sliding, or are feeling droopy, Duluth is clearly the place for you. Why not fly over, as the advertisements always say, *now*? Remember, I AM ACTIVITY. The economy return fare is £194 and one visitor who'd give a lot more than that to see the place is Daniel de Greysolon Sieur du Lhut. He'd be amazed.

HOP ON A BUS TO PARIS

Maybe your holiday allowance won't run to buying at Balmain or Jacques Griffe on the way home through Paris. Not to worry! All you need do these days is hop on a bus to Wigmore Street or Knightsbridge and pay familiar sterling for exact copies of many Paris models from the current spring collections made to measure in our leading stores.

Peter Clark photographed the originals in Paris

Lanvin-Castillo follows the current trend for immaculately tailored clothes devoid of trimming with this pared-down dress in cream wool dependent for its effect on cut and fitting. The matching wool Tapado—half coat and half cape—was a feature of his collection. Copies in the original or other material can be ordered from Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore St., W.1.





From the Nina Ricci collection created by the young Belgian designer Jules Crahay comes this suit which can be ordered to measure in the original or other material at Debenham & Freebody, Wigmore St., W.1. The full box-pleated skirt in cream wool with a faint white overcheck by Rodier is mounted on a camisole top and the abbreviated bolero jacket fits loosely over the tightly belted waist

Also from the successful Nina Ricci collection the dress (opposite) in flecked grey wool, with a peplum overskirt giving the fashionable tiered effect, can be ordered to measure in the original material, or to the choice of the customer, at Debenham & Freebody. The dress is worn with the short bolero jacket seen so often in this collection

Flattering and essentially feminine in the unmistakable manner of Jacques Griffe, the suit below can be ordered to measure at Debenham & Freebody. Griffe's grey flannel suit has the barely indicated waistline and cuffless bracelet-length sleeves of the moment. The broad open-necked cape collar is faced with detachable white piqué







The Faubourg St. Honoré moves to Wigmore Street with the fabulous furs from the Lanvin-Castillo collection which Debenham & Freebody have the exclusive right to copy. The coat above is made from the fine silk-like skins of bronze broadtail and has an opulent sable collar. The tie-belt slots under the back of the coat which falls in a free line from the shoulder. The furs on these pages were photographed by Norman Eales

HOP ON A BUS TO PARIS *continued*





The London counterparts are identical with the Lanvin-Castillo originals and made from skins no less magnificent. This coat from the Paris collection is of jaguar, boldly patterned and cut to the kimono shape that with its stark lines is high fashion this spring



Givenchy 1

The Givenchy and Balenciaga collections—held as usual a month later than the rest of the Paris couturiers—were presented in one day and gave the impression of one continuous showing.

Givenchy is the less compromising of the two, his clothes make no gestures to femininity and avoid mere prettiness.

To succeed they demand superb tailoring in their execution and tremendous chic from the wearer.

The coat and dress shown—both can be bought at Woolland's, Knightsbridge—are cases in point.

The coat of heavy white wool has a small collar, huge buttons, a horizontal yoke-line running parallel to the pockets and a nine-tenths hemline. Note, too, the rounded shoulderline, the short chopped-off sleeves, the barely indicated waistline. The white jersey dress just covers the kneecap. The belt is of snuff-coloured suède



Givenchy 2

In the white wool dress and jacket shown above Givenchy made many of the points repeated later in the Balenciaga collection. Chiefly notable are the stark, collarless necklines, the vents to the jacket, the double-seaming, the concave front and the loosely fitted waistline. Repeated, too, are the chopped-off sleeves and the narrow kneecap-length hemline.

Point of divergence in Givenchy's collection is the exaggerated rounded shoulderline he achieves with the use of padding. The matching dress is sleeveless like so many others he showed—practically all the loose-fitting silk blouses shown with suits in each collection were treated similarly. In this case the loose bloused line is seen pouching over the dark tan suede belt. Both the dress and the jacket are on sale at Woolland's



Balenciaga

Spanish-born Balenciaga, undoubted arbiter of today's fashion, showed a collection that had points in common with the functional lines of modern architecture. Horizontals and cubes, clear-cut lines with rarely any embellishments, and practical, expert tailoring were the basics of design for clothes like the skirt and jacket with its short top coat shown above. The jacket is sleeveless and collarless with a concave front and a half-belted bloused back, double-seaming and side vents. The skirt is gathered with unpressed pleats into the waistband and tapers to a hemline barely covering the kneecap. The hip-pocket is set well forward. The short coat has set-in, chopped off three-quarter sleeves, a straight back and a repetition of the side vents and double-seaming. These clothes are not available in London so this time you will need more than a bus to get to Paris

concluded

HOP ON A BUS TO PARIS

Beginning

THE INSIDE AND OUTSIDE STORY

A home fit for children to live in

BY MONICA FURLONG

IN THE SPRING the female fancy turns not so much to thoughts of love (there is the whole of the rest of the year to worry about that) as to schemes of decoration, patterns of wallpaper, and ideas for refashioning the home. I don't quite know why it is—some say it is the year's first rays of sunshine playing over the cobwebs and the faded curtains—but female energy rises in synchronization with the sap, and those of us who lie all winter steeped in impenetrable lethargy suddenly wake up. We radiate new ideas (mostly souped-up versions of incredible schemes we read in magazines long ago) and we bounce in and out of the stores exclaiming with joy over fabrics and furnishings, machines and gadgets. Every Sunday morning we insist on escorting our husbands round the home, explaining how for a mere song it would be possible to rip out the whole of the hot-water system, tear up the flooring, knock out the walls, and push up the roof another storey. And while one's got workmen in the place anyhow, why not (we smoothly suggest) have them do a few outside jobs as well? Put in a swimming-pool, say, construct a summerhouse (revolving), throw up a pagoda, and plant a couple of vistas? There seems no end to the delicious dreams that boil and bubble in the mornings of early spring, while the birds (poor dilettante darlings) have nothing better to do than sing hey ding-a-ding ding. And of course, all one's busy notions for spending and getting are splendidly abetted by the commercial world, which by a curious coincidence is full of suggestions just about the time one is financially convalescent from Christmas.

This year I have been as industrious as ever. I've been to the Design Centre and the Ideal Home Exhibition and I've visited most of the West End stores. I've read numerous articles and I've drawn up some remarkable plans on odd scraps of paper. The result could, I think, be called exciting. The only thing wrong with it, as my husband

acidly pointed out after a rapid calculation, is that perhaps only 15 men now living in the British Isles could afford to have it carried out, and he is not one of them.

So, driven back to first principles, though not for one moment relinquishing my enthusiasm for gadgets, or my flair for big Vanbrugh-like building schemes, I have suddenly realized how important it is to notice what one wants to do it all *for*. Apart from my own compulsive need for activity, I suppose most of the answer is to make a pleasanter home for my children to grow up in. And it is at about this point that I get a ghastly suspicion that I may be on the wrong track altogether. . . . For, from observing the tastes and conduct of my children, and remembering my own childhood, and remembering the heroes of children's books (which all nice children strive to emulate) I know jolly well that my ideal home is not that of a child.

What children would like best of all, I suspect, is a *romantic* home. It doesn't matter to them if the damp course is inefficient, if dry-rot forms bizarre patterns on the walls, and if the whole place is impossible to keep clean without a staff of 70. But if a nun has been bricked up in the walls, if there is a ghost, if the place is properly furnished with a priest's hole, a secret passage, a sliding panel, or merely a fine set of battlements, that to them will be home. Not that they insist on anything quite so elaborate. There are plenty of other fittings and facilities they enjoy. Absolute musts, it seems to me, are precipitous banisters, since any child who is going to turn out well has got to slide down them and bust his collar-bone at least once. Friends speak well of heavily curtained window embrasures in which small children can curl up and read fairy stories. I seem to remember getting fun out of rat-haunted cellars (useful for *Monte Cristo* or *The Pit and the Pendulum*). Stout furniture strategically placed for intrepid climbers to practice walking off-

ground on rainy days is a sensible investment for adults who don't mind anything as long as the little blighters are occupied, and plenty of roomy cupboards are good for clandestine meetings of secret societies. Children's bedrooms should have an elaborate system of drain-pipes connecting them with the ground, thereby enabling an eight-year-old to get in some rudimentary Alpine experience (remember to confine him to his bedroom at regular intervals, though, or half his fun is lost). For a girl a well-placed apple-tree outside the window may be a better bet, since one can't elope too often into the arms of one's cavalier lover.

As a child myself I had a great longing to possess a bottomless pond (quite why it matters to either swimmer or non-swimmer that the bit in the middle measures *n* feet or merely 16 feet I have, alas, forgotten). It's also useful to have a large, historic tree, from which small boys can fall and knock out their front teeth. Vegetation of this sort is *de rigueur* for practising gymnastics, for constructing tree-houses, or simply for demonstrating the unusual swinging action of the Ape Man of Borneo.

Paddocks (for ponies), streams (for damming up), bulls (for being chased by), farmers (likewise) are all indispensable parts of the business of growing up, and those of us who bring our offspring up in a town probably deserve the sense of guilt we have about it. (I feel especially mean about depriving children of the tremendous delights of trespassing.) It is just another one of those little burdens we have to carry about with us. But we should all, I think, pander as far as we can to our children's craving for the dangerous and the exciting, and we are only kidding ourselves if we pretend that a dish-washing machine is half as exciting to them as a headless lady who knows her job. I hope the organizers of the Ideal Home Exhibition won't be offended if I say that their show seemed to me to be sadly deficient in such amenities.

COUNTER SPY

ESPIONAGE BY MINETTE SHEPARD

MICROFILM BY PRISCILLA CONRAN

THE INSIDE AND OUTSIDE STORY

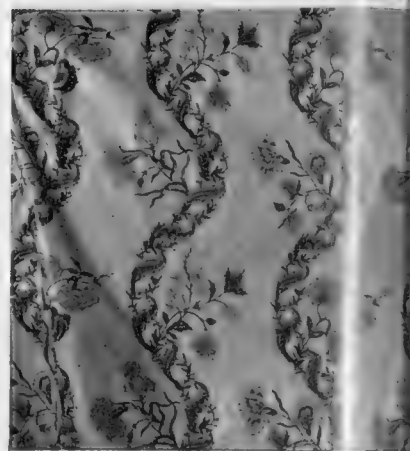
The new wallpapers and fabrics

CLEAN LINES AND CLEAR COLOURS MARK the trend of this year's new wallpapers and fabrics though traditional and exotic designs are equally popular. There are signs, too, of a bolder, more imaginative outlook among manufacturers, with strong designs and some surprising colour combinations. Case in point is the wallpaper shown on the cover and again below. This is from Sanderson's *Tempora* Series which includes prize-winning designs from their centenary competition. The design of outsize pink chrysanthemums on a plain charcoal ground is also available in yellow on green or yellow on wine. It costs 17s. a roll (inc. P.T.)



from Sanderson's, Berners St., W.1. and branches. For an Oriental choice in décor this spring the hand-painted Chinese panel (left) is typical of a collection at the Marco Polo Shop, Lansdowne Row, W.1. The design of bamboo, flowers and birds is painted on silk-backed paper (also available on plain paper) and can be ordered in any colour or size. Some patterns cover more than one panel and prices range from 9 to 14 gns. a panel. Alongside are more examples of papers and fabrics in a selection ranging from the frankly classic-inspired to the newest in washable steam-proof papers for kitchens and bathrooms

Hand-printed American paper (right), from Sanderson's 1960 centenary collection is patterned with sky-blue and green dogwood flowers on white. Also in two other colours, the pattern repeat is 36 in. (93s. 6d. a roll, inc. P.T.)



Heavy cotton print (right) from an original wood block features parallel lines of rust-brown medlar fruit and leaves on white; also in bottle-green, olive green or dark and light blue. By the Edinburgh Weavers, from Liberty's and Town & Country, Cirencester (about 23s. 6d. per yard, 48 in. wide)



oy of a mid-19th century design
pattern (left) of rush green
nds on white is in the newest
age of hand-printed traditional
lpapers at John Line, Tottenham
urt Road (about 49s. a roll)



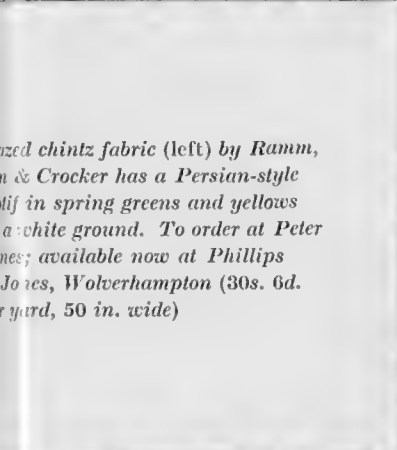
Also with a Victorian flavour, the
flower and bird design (left) in
shades of grey on a pale grey and
white striped background comes
from Coles of Mortimer Street's new
French wallpaper collection
(26s. 7d. a roll, inc. P.T.)



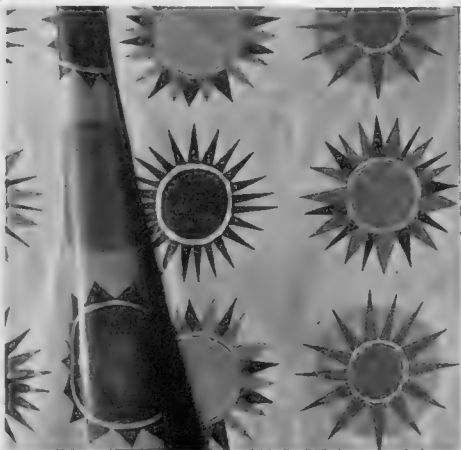
Nursery fabric (right) in Everglaze
chintz is one of Peter Jones's own
designs. Predominant colours in the
pattern of wild animals can be either
turquoise, blue or pink, on a white
background (7s. 11d. per yard,
36 in. wide)



Heavyweight cotton fabric (above)
designed by Barbara Brown, is
from Heal's 1960 collection. Colours
are brown, orange, and black on
white, or blue, grey, green and
black on white (11s. 9d. per yard,
48 in. wide)



ized chintz fabric (left) by Ramm,
n & Crocker has a Persian-style
stif in spring greens and yellows
a white ground. To order at Peter
nes; available now at Phillips
Jones, Wolverhampton (30s. 6d.
r yard, 50 in. wide)



Everglaze chintz by Sanderson's
(left), has a suns and sunspots
design available in greys, browns,
olives, pinks and yellows, or in
brilliant oranges and reds. Width
48/50 in, price about 22s. 6d. per yard
from soft furnishing departments or
on view at Sanderson's, Berners St.

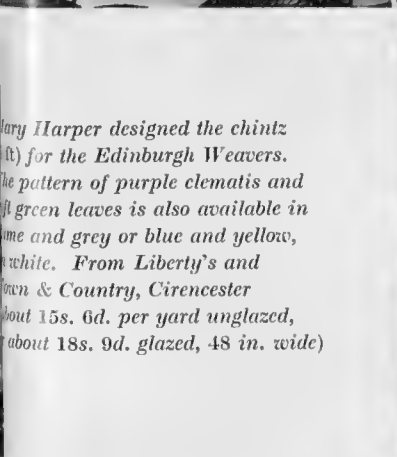


Washable paper (right) is from an
interesting collection of Finnish
simulated wood-grains at Coles,
Mortimer Street. This design is an
exact replica of hazel grain
(16s. 6d. a roll, inc. P.T.)

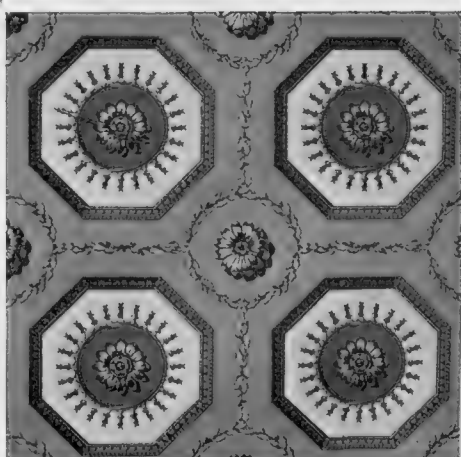


From Scandinavia (above) a fresh
cotton print of morning glory and
roses, imported by Danasco. In
yellows and greens or other colours
on white, from Woolland's and
David Elder, Glasgow (about 12s. 6d.
per yard, 47 in. wide)

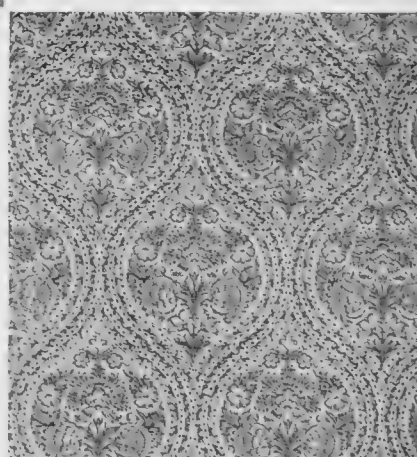
Washable wallpaper (below) for a
bathroom or kitchen has a pattern
in cobalt blue and white,
reminiscent of Persian tiles. From
Coles of Mortimer Street's new
French wallpaper collection
(31s. 11d. a roll, inc. P.T.)



ary Harper designed the chintz
(t) for the Edinburgh Weavers.
the pattern of purple clematis and
l green leaves is also available in
me and grey or blue and yellow,
white. From Liberty's and
n & Country, Cirencester
out 15s. 6d. per yard unglazed,
about 18s. 9d. glazed, 48 in. wide)

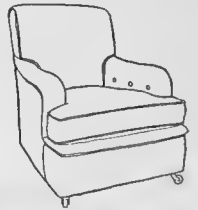
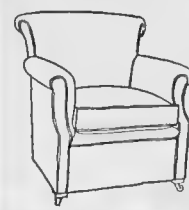
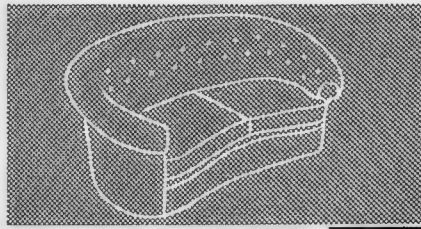


In the classic Adam style, a hand-
printed wallpaper (left) in tones of
muted golds and browns. From
John Line & Sons, Tottenham
Court Road, W.1 (about 57s. a roll)



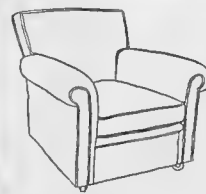
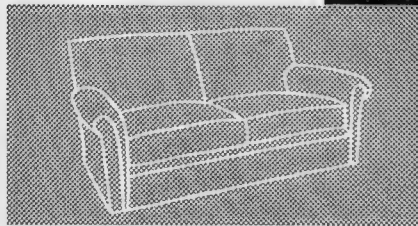
HESTERS LIMITED

At Hesters you are invited to have your own creative ideas (or ours if you wish) carried out by expert craftsmen. From a wide range of superbly designed birch frames—only a few of which are illustrated—hand made throughout, you can choose your chairs, specify their upholstery (feathers, down, etc.) and have them covered in any material you may select—or in plain lining for loose covers.



Creative Furnishing

We are specialists in country work and the reproduction of period styles and offer similar services and facilities in respect of carpets, curtains and loose covers. Your own ideas, formulated if you wish with the help of our expert knowledge of period and other decor, can be carried out in the materials of your choice by talented craftsmen at most reasonable cost.



75 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, London W.1. Telephone: MAYfair 6415

Please visit our showrooms, but if this is not possible our representative will be pleased to call on you.

Delightfully Feminine



This exquisitely designed Bedcover and matching Pillow Cases will grace your bedroom. Filmy white Nylon, beautifully ruched by hand and inset with bands of Nylon Lace. Delicately threaded with ribbon over colour foundation. Made to order to fit individual beds in White or in lovely Pastel Shades.

Givans OF BOND STREET

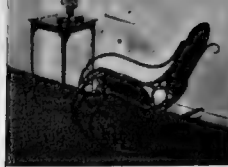
Specialists in Fine Linens for Bedroom, Bathroom and Table Use

Givans Irish Linen Stores Ltd., 112-114 New Bond Street, London, W.1

THE INSIDE AND OUTSIDE STORY

A marriage has

PHOTOGRAPHS: SANDRA LOUSADA



Thonet rocking-chair mates happily with a contemporary Swinglite by Cone Fittings Ltd., which illuminates the head of a boy sculptured by Daphne Hardy Henrion

*been arranged*

Shelves in the contemporary style harmoniously support an enamel by Knapp, a Mexican carving, Staffordshire figures and groups of modern sculpture



IN THIS CORNER of the living room in a Queen Anne house, a modern Venetian blind acts as a backdrop for a davenport desk, and a Victorian sofa (re-covered in blue and white). On the walls (of contemporary strawcloth) a painting by Elinor Bellingham-Smith looks down above a flush cupboard which hides the television, and strip lighting in the ceiling shines down on a plain red fitted carpet. This mixture, entirely successful, is in the Hampstead home of Mr. F. H. K. Henrion (*right*), the industrial designer and typographer and his sculptress wife. The whole house demonstrates that modern design can marry attractively with other periods



Fortnum's for the essential and the exceptional

We have just opened an elegant new department on the Lower Ground Floor for cutlery and other table necessities such as condiment sets, napkin rings and so on. The designs are both modern and traditional, with silver, pearl or porcelain handles.



Whether you are interested in a complete canteen, fitted tables, or a single place setting, you will find this new department well worth a visit. On the right is just one suggestion for an unusual wedding present—a superb pearl-and-silver handled knife to cut the bridal cake.

Fortnum & Mason Ltd.

181 PICCADILLY LONDON W1.

REGENT 8040



Living room



*A marriage
has been
arranged*
CONTINUED

Office desk

BOTH THE HENRIONS work at home, so she has a studio (off the garden) and he has two offices and a studio, a conversion done last year. His office is divided into working and reception areas by a long sofa (modern). Behind his desk (Danish teak) and chair (Victorian) is a wall of revolving bookshelves (his own design). The chimney breast is matchboarded to make a pleasant setting for a painting by Australian Sydney Nolan and a varied mantelpiece array that includes an early American clock and a small Henry Moore group. A Victorian armchair fraternizes with a fibreglass chair covered in brown fabric, and a yew coffee table.

The living room runs the length of the house. At the garden end the Henrions have replaced the old window by a larger one with a full-length venetian blind and recessed ceiling light. This end of the room is reflected in a large gilt mirror between the door and window. Elsewhere in the room, the Henrions have given new life to two old pieces: a gutted harpsichord is used for storage, and a 19th-century bedside table serves as a drink cabinet and telephone table. The curtain at the front end is an individual solution to what to do with a length of double-height curtain (left from one of Mr. Henrion's jobs)—he cut it in half. The Henrions' bedroom is on the top floor, their three children's rooms on the first floor, and kitchen and dining room in the semi-basement.



Early 19th-century angel, a wood carving from a church in Normandy
Left: Reception area of office

How do your rooms rank?

	Colour schemes	Furniture	Fabrics	Lighting	Wallpaper	Floor coverings	Ornaments
RE- TERS	White background with muted shades of one colour—especially brown, e.g. beige, coffee, nigger.	Scandinavian style. Birch, teak, pine in natural finish. Metal legs & framework (white or matt black). Unit furniture. Bigger, lower beds—6 ft.	Leather and suède. Silk curtains (& Terylene mixtures). Plain textured fabrics or bold large repeats. Multi-colour stripes of uneven widths. Treated cottons	Individual adjustable lamps (with bulb concealed). Cylindrical shades (especially milk glass). Grouped pendant lights hanging low.	Large simple patterns on plain backgrounds. Single wall panels. French papers.	Plain wood floors, sealed and waxed. Rush matting. Long-haired goat rugs, or pony & sheep skins on wood or tile floors. Custom inlaid lino.	Original modern paintings. Japanese flower arrangements. White telephone. Plants in groups. Sculpture. 18th-century portraits, unframed.
ERS ut thing rd)	Walls of contrasting colours; contrasting ceilings. Bright nursery colours like reds, blues, greens, &c.	Oriental style. The four-poster revival. Painted chests of drawers. Room dividers.	Flowered chintz. Candy stripes and checks. Metallic thread Gingham	Strip-lighting. Bottle lamps. Spherical shades. Raffia shades.	Imitation grains (or brick, or stone). Blue roses or ivy trellis. Stars—and stripes.	Fitted carpet in pastel shades. Coconut matting. Black-and-white squared lino. Tiger skins.	Reproductions (especially of famous paintings). Scatter cushions. Flower prints. Collections of paintings or china, grouped.
SO VS	Crimson with grey. Wine with lime green. Black and gold. And, of course, cream with green.	Three-piece suites. Sideboards. Glass-fronted bookcases. Reproduction. Dark varnish.	Pseudo-Jacobean. Patchwork. Velvet & plush. Plastics. Uncut moquette.	Central chandeliers. Electric candles. Natural coloured parchment shades.	Embossed. Fleur-de-lis. Heavy formal period patterns. Abstract patterns. Flock papers.	Central strip of carpet in halls. Rugs on carpets. Felt. Rag rugs. Dark-stained wood.	Wall vases or wall ornaments. Artificial flowers. Stuffed birds & animals. Wrought-iron.

T. CROWTHER & SON

LTD.

DEALERS IN ANTIQUES AND WORKS OF ART.
OAK AND PINE PANELLING. WOOD AND
MARBLE MANTELPieces. WROUGHT IRONWORK
FURNITURE AND GARDEN ORNAMENTS



A SUPERB 18th CENTURY BRONZE AND MARBLE FOUNTAIN GROUP
TOTAL HEIGHT 9' 6". WIDTH OF BASE 3' 11"
DIAMETER OF BOWL 3' 10"

282 NORTH END ROAD, FULHAM, S.W.6

Phone: FULHAM 1375-7

Cable Address: ANTIQUITY, LONDON

NO CATALOGUES



On the cover: lead Father Time head from Bert Crowther Ltd., Syon Lodge, Isleworth. Another firm that specializes in ornamental statuary of all kinds is T. Crowther & Son, of Fulham. They have the lead dolphin spouting at the foot of the page

On tap

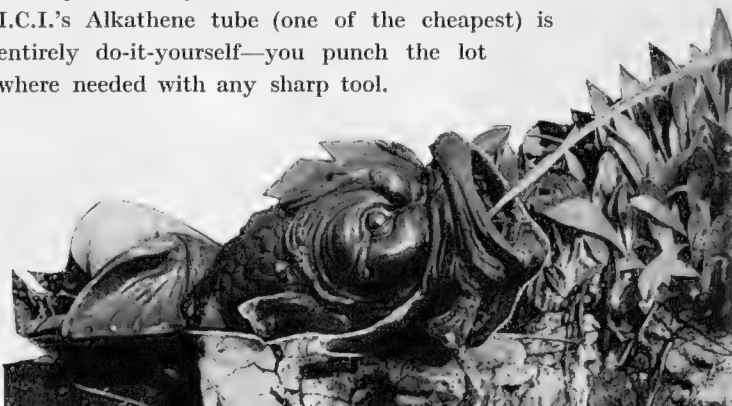
by ILSE GRAY

WATER in the garden always was enough to dampen all but the most determined. Without elaborate plumbing there was never enough of it unless you humped it about in cans. With the plumbing—an expensive outlay—there was the continual nuisance of leaks, corrosion and bursts. Some people relied on hosepipes from the sink, and promptly flooded the kitchen when the force of the water or the weight of the rubber detached the pipe from the tap. But all of a sudden, plastics have changed all that. Alkathene pipes don't burst or corrode even when buried. Fibreglass pools don't crack or leak. Plastic cans don't dent or rust and are much lighter to carry, besides being gaily coloured. Water on tap in the garden now becomes a trouble-free proposition, and not a dear one either.

Some pools get by with chlorination; others, like Gilliam's of Purley (who won first prize in a recent American competition), equip theirs with a filter system. Rutherford Construction Co. of Sunningdale makes a reinforced concrete pool with a filter that obviates emptying all the summer. Handy for children are the new Purley Pools for which the makers claim that the smallest (only £25) can be erected by two people in 15 minutes and dismantles just as easily.

A simple but effective fountain uses the same water over and over again—recommended for fish ponds to oxygenate the water. Stokes Fountains make one which plugs into ordinary domestic electricity and needs only six inches of water. A lily pond complete with plants, fish, snails, shingle, fertilizer and fish food (it only has to be dug in!) is available from Perry's of Enfield.

For easy and efficient watering, the newest device is a perforated plastic hose which gives out a fine uniform shower. Of several on the market the *Supplex* hose is adjustable and irrigates if reversed; the B.C.L. irrigation tube (polythene film) comes with its own hand punch, so you can increase the number of holes; I.C.I.'s Alkathene tube (one of the cheapest) is entirely do-it-yourself—you punch the lot where needed with any sharp tool.





Swimming pool at Kingston Vale constructed by Gilliam's of Purley. Water circulates through a diafilter and returns via the fountain at the shallow end. Smaller fibreglass models are supplied complete for dropping into a prepared hole in the garden.

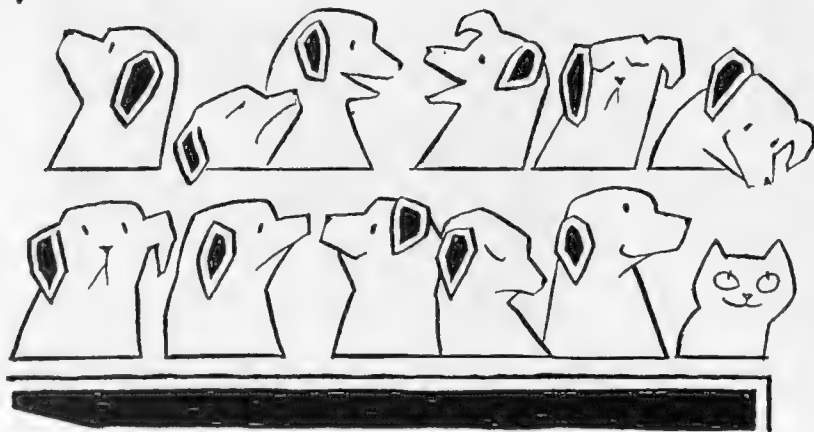


Watering equipment (above): The portable Rotareel enables water to flow through the hose while wound on. Ekco 1½-gallon double-purpose watering-can in natural polythene with detachable green or red lid and spout; two-gallon green Alkathene bucket by Fethaware graduated in ½ gallons on the inside; 2½-gallon Fethaware watering-can with extending spout, two roses and pot/radiator filler attachment (hence useful in garage and house too), in red, yellow or green; Early plants cloche irrigator, which permits watering without removing the cloche; "Croydex" rubber leakproof hose tap-coupling, which actually stays on the tap; "Rain King" sprinkler. All from the Army & Navy Stores. The lead "boy with conch" (right) is made by Paul Temple, Hampton, Middx., and is worked by a Stuart electric pump. Above, right: Rock and water garden constructed by George Whitelegg, Knockholt, Kent. No stream is necessary—a pump supplies the water.

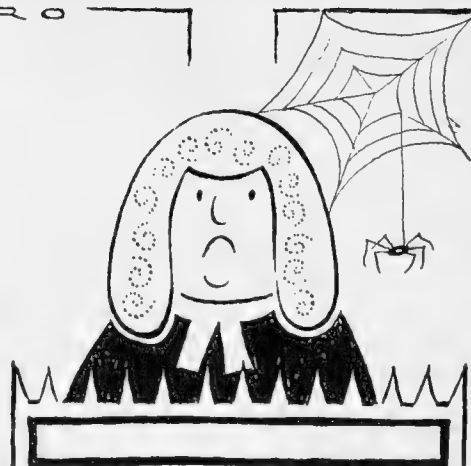
Other useful firms to note: The Garden Construction Co., 31 Elystan Street, S.W.3; Fish Tanks Ltd., 49 Blandford Street, W.1; Regency Pools, 12 Kingly Street, W.1; Microcell Ltd., 9 Kingsway, W.C.2 (pools). For information go to The Garden Centre, Wigmore Street, W.1, or C. Russell, 80 Earls Court Road, W.8.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SANDRA LOUSADA





H A R O



VERDICTS

- The play** **Follow That Girl.** Vaudeville Theatre. (Peter Gilmore, Susan Hampshire, Patricia Routledge).
- The films** **Summer Of The Seventeenth Doll.** Director Leslie Norman. (John Mills, Ernest Borgnine, Anne Baxter, Angela Lansbury.) **Can-Can.** Director Walter Lang. (Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan.) **Bluebeard's Ten Honeymoons.** Director Myles Wilder. (Patricia Roc, Greta Gynt, George Sanders, Corinne Calvet.) **Lift To The Scaffold.** Director Louis Malle. (Jeanne Moreau, Maurice Ronet.) **Hound Dog Man.** Director Don Siegel. (Carol Lynley, Stuart Whitman, Arthur O'Connell, Fabian.) **Your Money Or Your Wife.** Director Anthony Simmons. (Donald Sinden, Peggy Cummins, Richard Wattis.)

- The books** **Hons & Rebels,** by Jessica Mitford (Gollancz, 18s.) **A Hermit Disclosed,** by Raleigh Trevelyan (Longman's, 30s.) **Francis Bacon,** by J. G. Crowther (Cresset, 35s.) **The Devil Inside,** by Stephen Coulter (Cape, 18s.) **Annalisa,** by Forbes Rydall (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.) **Early Havoc,** by June Havoc (Hutchinson, 21s.)
- The records** **Ted Heath In Concert** **Something Old, New, Gay, Blue,** by Wilbur de Paris **Benny Golson & The Philadelphians** **The Soft Swing,** by Stan Getz **Soultrane,** by John Coltrane
- The galleries** **Sickert, 1860-1942.** Roland Browse & Delbanco **Sickert Centenary Exhibition,** Agnew's



Mr. Slade forgets his Kipling

KIPLING CLAIMED AT THE END OF his life that he had never tried to repeat a success. Mr. Julian Slade and Miss Dorothy Reynolds, having to replace the astonishingly long-lived *Salad Days* at the Vaudeville with a new show, might have done well to ponder the worldly wisdom of this austere rule of authorship. The replacement turns out to be a close and inferior imitation of *Salad Days*—and at curtain fall on the first night of **Follow That Girl** the gallery—more, I think, in sorrow than anger—broke through the polite applause of the stalls.

No wonder! The new piece has much of the charm of the original,

but it is charm that all too clearly has been worked out by the self-conscious manipulation of a theatrical formula. The touch of magic that has drawn the same people time and again to the Vaudeville during the past five years is missing.

Authors are, perhaps, the last people to understand the nature of their own successes. *Salad Days* came piping songs of innocence at a time when the public was growing a little tired of the highly sophisticated American musical. Its youthful, almost amateurish invitation to a madly simple April dance had a spontaneous gaiety that was unexpected and welcome, but to suppose, as some did, that we had stumbled on the formula which was to be the answer to the American musical was surely to get the whole thing wrong.

Was the hard-hitting, hard-boiled, high-powered American musical to be knocked down by a feather? The feather went floating along with triumphant irrelevance. It offered no serious competition to the American musical which, making use of an entirely modern idiom, has continued to rise to such a higher development of itself as *West Side Story*. *Salad Days* did nothing to help the English theatre to find a corresponding idiom capable of yielding shows which might simultaneously enchant both London and Broadway, and as *Follow That Girl* reveals only too

plainly, its formula if used without some lucky inspiration leads only to faintly charming whimsy which is at once involved and meaningless.

The new show is like the old one, a series of revue sketches linked together by a story, or rather a fantastic notion of a story. For the piano which sets everyone dancing we have a Victorian maiden who runs away from home to escape the odious attention of two rich suitors. Mamma and Papa run after her through the length and breadth of a semifantastical London. The suitors run after them, and being wicked men they steal a painter's fancy portrait of his long-lost son. The theft sends a humble policeman running after them, and on catching sight of the

still running heroine he falls instantly in love with her.

So there comes into being a chase, and the chase is interrupted at arbitrarily selected stages to let in the revue sketches. Two of these sketches—one laughing at self-service applied to a smart costumier's shop and the other at the cheerful perversities of the servants of London Transport—are moderately amusing and might be extremely amusing if they were drastically shortened. The chase itself has one pleasingly spectacular climax at which the distraught heroine, leaping off a Chelsea bridge with her red umbrella spread, is carried by the wind into the aquarium at the Zoo.

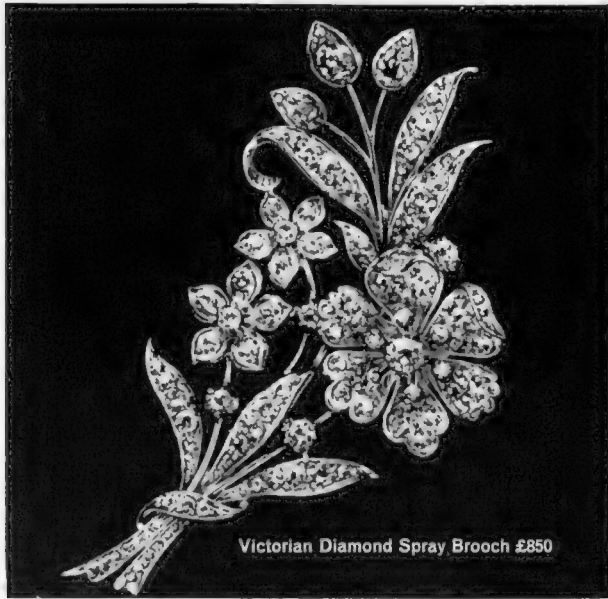
continued on page 642



QUARTET OF SWEETHEARTS from the musical *Flower Drum Song* at the Palace Theatre—Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones saw the charity preview. Left: Linda Low & Sammy Fong (Yama Saki & Tim Herbert). Right: Mei Lei & Wang Ta (Yung Shan Tung & Kevin Scott)

BENSON'S

collection of fine Jewels



This is but one splendid example from the magnificent collection of original jewellery which can be inspected at our Bond Street showroom.

J.W. BENSON LTD

25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON W1

RUTHERFORD

**FOR
SWIMMING POOLS
OF DISTINCTION**

*For entertaining
it's a social success—*

*The refreshing enticement of sparkling filtered water
and the restful sunbathing after the swim makes a
pool the finest and most valuable asset to your garden.*

**FOR THE HOME
SCHOOLS—HOTELS
BUSINESS HOUSES
LOCAL AUTHORITIES**

The last word in
swimming pool technique.
For the most modern
ideas in pool construction
ask for our advice.



RUTHERFORD CONSTRUCTION CO. LTD.
MAKERS OF OUTSTANDING SWIMMING POOLS

HEAD OFFICE BATTLE-SUSSEX BATTLE 468/9 Branch Office and Showgrounds
ASCOT 199 SUNNINGDALE — BERKS.



Pringle

make



loveliest
of all



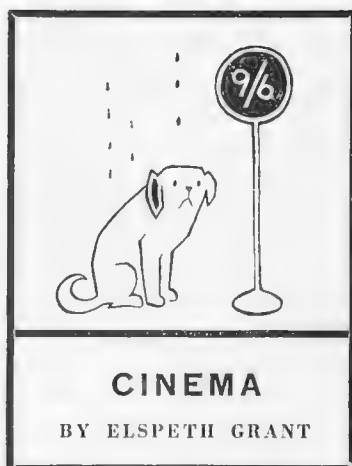
ARCADIA Spindrift lambswool sweater and
matching lambswool skirt. Fresco Blue,
Sandringham, Carnation, Ivory or Absinthe.
34"—40"—9 gns.
From leading Stores throughout the country.

PRINGLE OF SCOTLAND LIMITED • HAWICK

VERDICTS *continued*

Why to the aquarium? Simply because three Victorian mermaids are waiting there to sing a taking little song. And the perfunctoriness of the chase is excused, perhaps sufficiently, by the circumstance that it all takes place in the mind of a young author in love with a girl with rich and stuffy parents.

Mr. Slade's music flows easily into Victorian jingles which are pleasant to hear but have nothing much added to them. The song from which the play is named is a good one, and Mr. Peter Gilmore as the hero puts it ringingly across; Mr. Newton Blick has nothing much to do and does it with most helpful assurance. Miss Marion Grimaldi and Miss Patricia Routledge have better opportunities and use them well. Miss Susan Hampshire is a rather colourless heroine. But Mr. Denis Carey, as the director, and Mr. Hutchinson Scott, as the designer, do their work impeccably. A pity that it was not better worth doing.



It's rough on the cobblers

IT SEEMS TO ME A TRIFLE UNFAIR to cast two British and two American stars as Australians, whisk them

off to Sydney and leave them to struggle with that elusive accent in the face of competition from the local lads who have only to open their mouths a fraction of an inch (which is about as far as they ever do) to demonstrate conclusively that if you want to sound like an Aussie, you'd better be born down under, sport.

Though thus unkindly treated in **Summer Of The Seventeenth Doll**, Messrs. Ernest Borgnine and John Mills and the Misses Anne Baxter and Angela Lansbury are such excellent players that they rise above their handicap and bring most tellingly to life the robust, earthy, simple and pathetic characters created by Mr. Ray Lawler in his play, upon which the film is based.

After seven months' work in the sugar-cane fields, Messrs. Borgnine and Mills return to Sydney to spend their "lay-off" rollicking with their girls—as they have done for the past 16 years. But this time, in Mr. Frank Norman's phrase, fings ain't what they used t'be.

Mr. Mills's girl has married somebody else and Miss Lansbury is neither a satisfactory nor a satisfied substitute: he is not the great lover he thought he was. Mr. Borgnine has had a bad season in the cane-fields—his place as gang-leader has been taken by a younger man (well played by Australian Mr. Vincent Ball). Perhaps it is time he took a city job and settled down with Miss Baxter, whom he sincerely loves. But she has no desire to change their way of life: she will not see that the good times they have had (always marked by the gift of a treasured "kewpie" doll) can't go on for ever. That's her tragedy.

I think it is a pity that Mr. Lawler's final blow has been turned aside for cinema audiences—otherwise I have only praise for the film: ably directed by Mr. Leslie Norman, it has an unusual and stimulating vitality and plenty of rough humour—and is splendidly acted all round.

The setting for **Can-Can**—a whacking 'great musical in Todd-AO and crudish Technicolor—is Paris in 1896, when, we are told, the can-can was banned as too lewd for public exhibition. Miss Shirley MacLaine figures as the owner of a café where it is, nevertheless, regularly danced, and Mr. Frank Sinatra as her lawyer (and lover) who is kept busy retrieving her from the clutches of the police: both are as American as the Stars and Stripes.

It is left to Messrs. Louis Jourdan and Maurice Chevalier—as a young judge who falls in love with Miss MacLaine and a veteran who looks on benignly—to breathe a little Gallic charm into the film: and beautifully they do it. Mr. Sinatra puts over Mr. Cole Porter's beguiling numbers with his customary expertise: Miss MacLaine, always irresistible as an actress, displays her talent and agility as a dancer—in an unnecessarily brutal apache number and a "Garden of Eden" ballet (in which she appears to be wearing nothing but the odd sequin).

One waits more than two hours to see the can-can performed in full—and when at last the grand finale comes, it falls a little flat. It lacks the full, whirling, wonderful frenzy of the dance with which, in *French Can-Can*, M. Jean Renoir sent us reeling breathless from the cinema some years back.

The whimsical casting of players as characters they do not remotely resemble and are hard put to it to suggest is carried to extremes in **Bluebeard's Ten Honeymoons**. Mr. George Sanders is stuck with the role of the French mass-murderer, Landru—and no English setter bidden to pose as a miniature French poodle could look more disdainful about the whole thing than he does. Among the numerous ladies he seduces, robs, kills, cuts into convenient pieces and burns in his commodious kitchen stove are the Misses Patricia Roc and Greta Gynt. Dear girls—how wrong you

were to attempt a come-back in this grisly piece of tripe.

Mr. Louis Malle's **Lift To The Scaffold** has an ingenious plot. M. Maurice Ronet commits what seems to him "the perfect murder"—but on his way from the penthouse scene of the crime is trapped for the night in a lift. While he is thus confined, two beatnik teenagers steal his car, kill a German couple with his revolver—and vanish, undetected. When he escapes from the lift in the morning he finds he is wanted for two murders



"GOODBYE, INHIBITIONS" is the unspoken motto of Can-Can. Top: Shirley MacLaine as the dashing café-owner always threatened by a police raid. Above: Frank Sinatra and Maurice Chevalier disguised as waiters in a Cole Porter number



BEGIN YOUR LANCÔME CARE YOUNG
...TO REMAIN VERY LOVELY

FRAICHEUR with water, will cleanse
and clear.

NUTRIX ensures your skin beauty

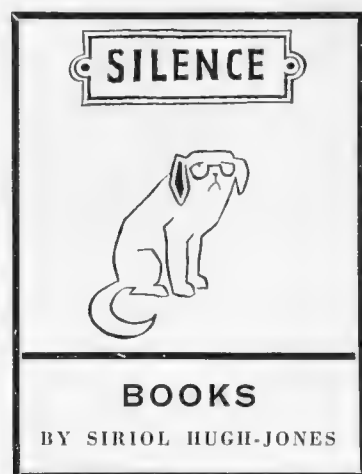
HARMONIE for a daytime magnolia
finish to your skin

LANCÔME

he did not commit—and if he uses his obvious alibi, he will inevitably be accused of the murder of which he is in fact guilty. I much prefer this film to the young director's more highly praised *Les Amants*—a pretentious little affair with Mlle. Jeanne Moreau starring, as she does here, in the dreary role of a selfish, love-hungry woman.

In *Hound Dog Man*, a hearty, harmless, bucolic film of the middle West, Mr. Stuart Whitman plays a flirtatious bachelor, a feckless, huntin' and shootin' fellow, who is marked down for matrimony by a cool, demure, farmer's daughter, Miss Carol Lynley. Miss Lynley gets her man—and I don't wonder: she is extremely attractive in a fire-under-the-ice sort of way. To delight the young, a "pop" singer by the name of Fabian has been introduced and fits surprisingly well into the country setting.

For whom *Your Money Or Your Wife* was made baffles me. It has Mr. Donald Sinden and Miss Peggy Cummins as an impecunious young couple who let rooms to paying guests who don't pay. Miss Cummins can inherit a fortune if she divorces Mr. Sinden: he, licking his lips, promises to give her suitable grounds. This alleged comedy is every bit as effervescent as a dish of cold, weak tea.



The governess taught larceny

SOCIAL HISTORIANS OF TWENTIETH century England will have a puzzling time with the home-life of one particularly eccentric small group of the Upper Classes, the amazing Mitfords, as revealed in the novels of the Honourable Nancy Mitford and the stunning autobiography of the Honourable Jessica Mitford, *Hons & Rebels*.

The extraordinary isolated Cotswold childhood of Lord Redesdale's six astonishing daughters and one son, revealed in this not-to-be-resisted book—which deserves a better title—reads like extra-

gantly mannered fiction, except that it is all fabulously true. They leap all alive from the pages, dominated by the enormous figures of Muv and Farve ("as tall as the sky and as large as the Marble Arch and somewhat more powerful than the King and Parliament rolled into one"), being taught to shop-lift by a benign governess ("Like to try a little jiggery-pokery, children?"), studying history under Muv's tuition ("See, England and all our Empire possessions are a lovely pink on the map, Germany is a hideous mud-coloured brown"), longing hopelessly to go to school, talking in ecstatic capital letters and a tribal code, waiting for the magic age of 18.

Heredity and environment—a benevolent tyranny that was both loved and hated—made ferocious individualists of many of the children. Some escaped into marriage, Nancy wrote Farve out into novels, there was incessant bitter warfare between the family Fascists and Jessica the infant Communist, who eloped with the born and precocious rebel Esmond Romilly to Spain, was brought back by a destroyer sent after them by Eden, and dreamed with a fierce and touching desperation of going to Germany with Unity (whom she loved) and shooting Hitler herself at close range.

At mealtimes they divided the table down the middle, with Unity's Fascist insignia down one side, Jessica's Communist library, a shilling bust of Lenin and a pile of *Daily Workers* on the other. Sometimes they staged pitched battles with books and records until Nanny intervened. One dreamed of being a horse, another of marrying a Duke ("One day he'll come along. The Duke I love . . ."). The weird thing about it is the book's peculiar mixture of sadness, real family loyalty, wild fury, and a sort of uncontrollable glittering gaiety, the sort that goes with too bright eyes and tears before bedtime—all told in a brisk, breathless, ironic don't-care rattle.

Miss Mitford is at once touching and wildly funny, and there is not one of her highly-coloured characters that is not violently alive and uncomfortably kicking. Muv is I think her special triumph: and as always one could easily have done with a lot more of Farve-Uncle Matthew, roaring away about damned sewers and apparently in no way opposing Muv's belief in the Good Body, which meant you instantly exercised a fractured arm and walked briskly up and down immediately after losing your appendix.

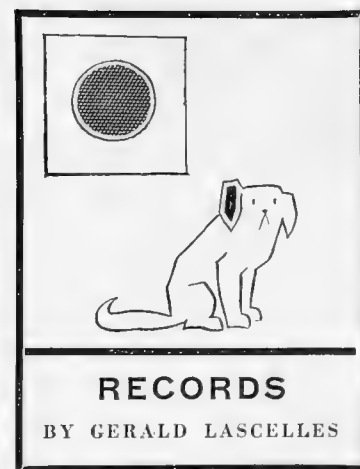
After home life with the Mitfords, Raleigh Trevelyan's *A Hermit Disclosed* seems like a perfectly acceptable document in calm living among the English rural com-

munities. In fact it is an enthralling account of an obsessive quest for Jimmy Mason, the hermit of Great Canfield in Essex, who lived in complete isolation in a hut for 35 years and was kept alive by his brother. The quest involved a diary and a whole chain of interviews. Marvellous Dickensian names crowd the book—Victor Plott, Jack Barmide, Geo. Hucklesnip, and Marwood, Kelly & Wimble—inevitably solicitors—not to mention Albert Easter, Bloodhound Spite and Bummy Sevens.

I find most hermits, even the spry, holy ones that toddle frowningly through the Arthurian stories, infinitely sad and depressing, and Jimmy Mason—who never comes out into the open, either in fact or in the book—is no exception. The important part of this unique book is the investigation itself, and the picture it lovingly builds, with sympathy and real humour, of a rum English village of the past. I have no reason to suppose life in English villages changes much in essentials, which is maybe why timid people leave fields well alone and huddle together in towns.

Briefly . . . J. G. Crowther's *Francis Bacon, The First Statesman of Science* seemed to me to achieve the almost impossible in making this fascinating man seem dull, and confused me past hope by refusing to lead one in a straightforward way through his life (it's foxingly split into two sections, called *For Mankind* and *For Himself*). . . . *The Devil Inside* by Stephen Coulter is a fierce and passionate novel about Dostoevsky which made me wish I were reading straight biography with a bit less of "Fyodor!" She crushed herself against him." . . . *Annalisa* by Forbes Rydall is a terrifically steamy, throbbing Louisiana thriller about who did or didn't kill whom, complete with dotty aunt, imperious grandmother, rival brothers and madly wicked heroine whose green eyes glow, blaze, give off sparks and do everything possible except change colour. I know who polished off Grand'mere, but who shot mum and dad in the library will always remain an old Louisiana puzzle to me. . . .

And, since this is Mad Family Week, I suggest those who dare might venture to study June Havoc's childhood success as a marathon dancer ("Tuesday night, ladies and gentlemen! The Grind. Bring the kiddies and a picnic basket so you can stay till the wee small hours"). *Early Havoc*, the ghastly story of Dainty Baby June, is not at all a nice reassuring book about the Laughter and Tears of Show Biz. Mother's other daughter was the Doll Girl, later known as Gypsy Rose Lee, and between them the girls have given Mother a kind of frightful immortality on paper.



Ted hunts in the New Forest

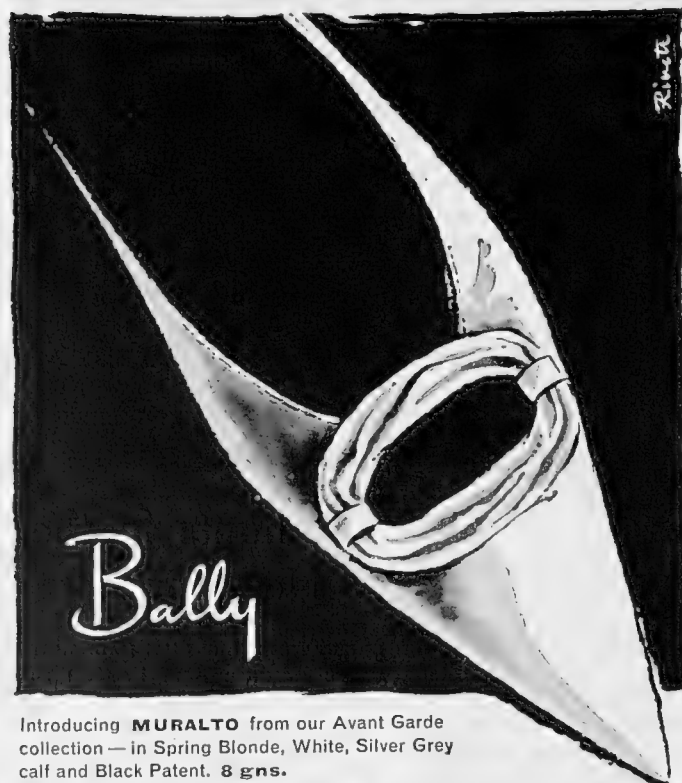
ONE OF THE THINGS THAT MADE LAST year's Beaulieu Jazz Festival so memorable was the first performance of Ted Heath's Festival Suite, especially composed and arranged by Kenny Grahame for the occasion. Now it forms the major portion of one side of Mr. Heath's stereo album (SKL4079), and I find the ingredients even more palatable than I did when sitting on the lawns of that New Forest mansion on a warm August evening.

Among the four scenes depicted in the suite is an amusing "Hunting scene" in which the fox's part is taken by the nimble-fingered tenor saxophonist, Bob Efford. In theory he does not quite evade the pursuing horns, who close for the kill in a crescendo of brazen triumph! This is one of Ted's best albums.

I was bitterly disappointed in the latest Satchmo album (CLP1328). If you want some pleasant "pops" played by off-form Satchmo, it is fine, but as jazz it is away below standard.

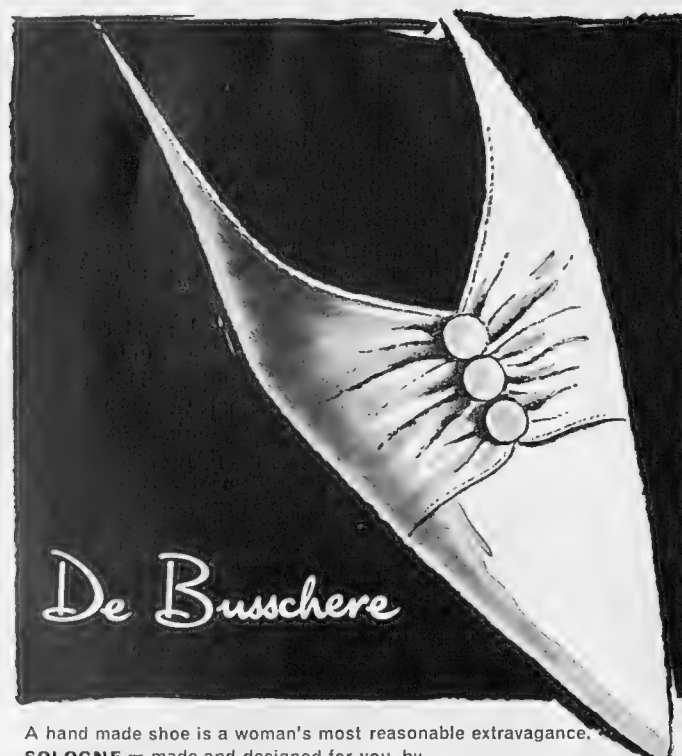
I also expected greater things from Wilbur de Paris in his *Something old, new, gay, blue* (SAH-K6060). It fulfils the old and gay qualifications, but despite the presence of the truly representative New Orleans front line, there is a hurdy-gurdy atmosphere about the end-product which is not the object of this vintage and highly characterized music. Omer Simeon's clarinet is outstanding.

I found consolation in the excellence of some of the contemporary tenor players, notably the up-and-coming Benny Golson. He is best known as a composer, but is rapidly increasing his reputation as an instrumentalist. With a five-piece group on his latest London release (SAH-T6061) he proves beyond doubt that there is enormous potential for swinging jazz in modern idiom, especially when given the support of a rhythm section in which pianist Ray Bryant



Introducing **MURALTO** from our Avant Garde collection—in Spring Blonde, White, Silver Grey calf and Black Patent. 8 gns.

Russell & Bromley
BOND STREET • KNIGHTSBRIDGE AND BRANCHES



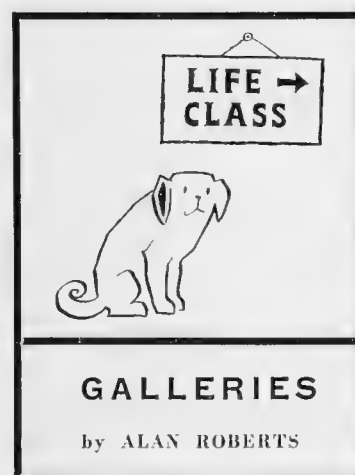
A hand made shoe is a woman's most reasonable extravagance.
SOLOGNE—made and designed for you by
Gustave De Busschere in Spring Blonde kid. 10 gns.

Russell & Bromley
BOND STREET • KNIGHTSBRIDGE AND BRANCHES

and drummer Philly Joe Jones are the mainstay.

Golson has a verbosity of expression which is lacking in Stan Getz's cool tone, with its complex derivations. The factor of simplicity, invoking the memory of Lester Young, must be linked to the facility of expression, which, in Getz's case is brilliantly fluent. This album (CLP1320) is the first I have heard in which pianist Mose Allison is featured in a group. The pair sound happy together.

Tonally there is a noticeable alliance between Getz and John Coltrane, but this does not extend to phrasing. **Soultrane** (32-089) leaves me exhausted, not only by the breakneck saxophone blowing in the up-tempo pieces, but also by the unrelenting piano which Red Garland insists should duplicate the pace set by the leader. *Theme for Ernie*, the most moving track from this 1958 session, is a blues dedicated to a deceased saxophonist, not, as my readers might hope, a means of wooing more lolly out of that horrible impersonal box that picks the premium bond winners.



Celebrating Sickert

YOU MIGHT IMAGINE THAT THE following quotation is the latest manifesto from John Bratby and the "kitchen sink" school of painters—

"The more our art is serious, the more will it tend to avoid the drawing-room and stick to the kitchen. The plastic arts are gross arts... and while they flourish in the scullery or on the dunghill, they fade at a breath from the drawing-room."

—in fact it is Walter Richard Sickert anticipating the "kitchen sink" boys way back in 1910. It illustrates the vision of this great British artist, the centenary of whose birth on 31 May, 1860, is to be marked by the exhibition of some 170 of his paintings and drawings at the Tate Gallery.

Already two Mayfair galleries have their own centenary shows—a choice small one at Roland, Browne & Delbanco's and an extensive loan exhibition (in aid of World Refugee Year) at Agnew's.

I recalled that quotation while looking at these pictures that cover every fascinating phase of Sickert's work—a Whistlerian snowscape painted when he was 20, whole groups of the inimitable music hall interiors and the delicious low-keyed views of Dieppe, a quartet of Venetian scenes, a varied selection of the sleazy nudes on unmade beds in Camden Town, and several prime examples of those *genre* pieces in which, as Sir Osbert Sitwell put it, the artist could "take the heavy Sunday boredom of the suburbs and by some magic of hand and eye transmute it into beauty."

Later, at the R.B.A. Galleries, where the Young Contemporaries are now showing, I had reason to remember more Sickertisms and to hope that the hordes of young painters who are now floundering in the most sterile forms of abstract "expressionism" will not only avail themselves of the unprecedented opportunities to study these pictures but will also get round to reading the wise things the artist had to say about painters and painting.

For example, writing against a current vogue for belittling Burne-Jones whose pictures, ideas and ideals were as remote from his own as is conceivably possible, he said:

"You are not to consider that every new and personal beauty in art abrogates past achievement... You are to consider these beauties, innovations, enrichments, as additions to an existing family. How barbarous you would seem if you were unable to bestow your admiration and affection on a fascinating child without at once finding yourselves compelled to rush downstairs and cut its mother's throat..."

This continuity in art was a constantly recurring theme in his writings and it is one that all of us—critics as well as artists—would do well to remember.

"I am a pupil of Whistler, that is to say, at one remove, of Courbet and, at two removes, of Corot," he used to say.

For him "derivative" was not the dirty word it has now become. So if, at Agnew's, we stand in front of a music hall scene and murmur, "Shades of Degas," or "A touch of Lautree," or see "early Pissarro" in a landscape at Delbanco's, he will pause from playing his harp and smile far more kindly than if we said, "This is sensational, unique, new, out of the blue."

Then he will go on playing again—quartets with Pissarro, Degas and Lautree.



John Adriaan

GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

A glance at glasses

GLASSES are to see with, of course. Take a pair of squinting eyes and what have you got? An ugly face. So if you need them go in for glasses, whatever they say about girls who wear them (think of Fleur Cowles, Margaret Leighton, and Princess Grace instead). Besides, while you're at the optician's, you might as well go in for optical illusion too.

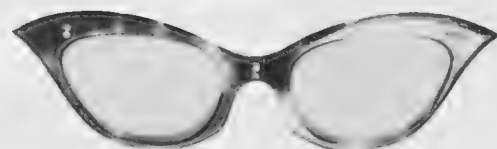
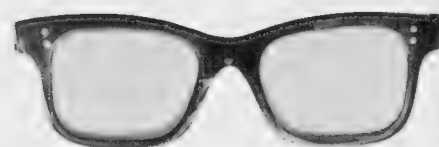
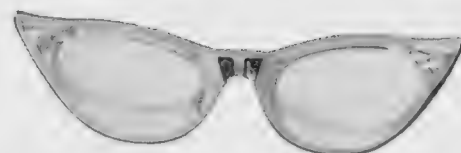
For example it's good sense to know that frames built like men's library glasses look good on frailer faces. A squarish jaw looks good with lower frames that curve up or down. Repeating the jaw line just emphasizes a square-looking face. Oval bone structures can take squarish or oblong-shaped lenses—the set-square look pronounces the face fragile. But why stick at only one frame-up for the eyes? A complete wardrobe would include a business-like pair for reading, simple but sealed-down pair for wearing with hats, plus sun-glasses and some foldaway lorgnettes.

Some girls like to try to fool everyone they don't need glasses at all by having their prescriptions made up as sun-glasses. But just looking at the sun with unprotected vision is inviting a nasty headache. For if you live an indoor life the light intensity can increase say, by the sea, as much as 400 times.

Viewpoint: When choosing glasses, beware of fancy frames and melt-away colours.

Data for glasses: The girl's hair by John of Knightsbridge is smoothly planned to frame glasses. Her choice ranges from (*top*) black specs from Negretti & Zambra, Regent Street; gilded aluminium glasses, sparkled with marquise, an American design from Meyrowitz, Old Bond Street; set-square black ones by Oliver Goldsmith at Caplan's, Charing Cross Road; upturned tortoise-shell from Curry & Paxton, Gt. Portland Street; narrow black glasses from Meyrowitz; gold-plated lorgnettes that fold into a clip, from Negretti & Zambra; brocaded French opera-glasses in their own case from Curry & Paxton; folding tortoiseshell-like glasses from Meyrowitz.

Priscilla Conran



MOTORING

by GORDON WILKINS

You slow down and overtake



THE STORY GOES THAT ONE DAY, before Britain's first motorway was opened, Mr. David Brown was driving from London to Birmingham with his technical director John Wyer, in an Aston Martin DB 4. After a time D. B. said: "John, I notice there's a vibration from the gear lever every time I touch 5,800 r.p.m. in top."

And Wyer replied: "Yes, sir, we must do something about that lever. . . . But after all, five-eight in top is 135 miles an hour."

It's a story that could make the Aston Martin gear lever as famous as the Rolls-Royce clock, which drowns the noise of the engine, but credible if you bear in mind the ability of the DB 4 to accelerate from zero to 100 m.p.h., and stop again, in well under 30 seconds.

Here is a car with the performance of a racing machine and the manners of a town carriage. A gap appears in the traffic, the road is clear for a few hundred yards, and the Aston surges up to 100 m.p.h. in third gear in a few seconds. The driver of a DB 4 is in the happy position of being able to overtake *whilst slowing down*. He has done his accelerating, has all the speed he needs and can complete the operation smoothly. Not for him the nerve strain of accelerating slowly towards a steadily closing gap.

Those low, lithe lines, which are admired everywhere, conceal seats for four full-sized adults and a sensibly sized luggage trunk. The platform chassis permits a low body

sill and entry is not difficult despite the low roof line. Once in the driving seat, it is a pleasure just to sit and examine the fit and finish of every detail. This kind of quality costs money. The curved screen brings the slim pillars back to a point outside the main field of vision but not far enough to catch your knees as you get in. Forward vision is excellent and the rear view is quite good although the rear window is near-horizontal in the sweeping curve of the roof and therefore likely to accumulate snow or frost. The impression of lightness is increased by frameless side windows.

The seats are superb; upholstered in softest leather, with deep rolls round the edges of cushion and backrest to support one discreetly against high cornering forces. All the controls, from the slim wood-rimmed alloy wheel on a column which is adjustable for reach and rake, to the pedals, with a long light alloy accelerator, are designed and disposed exactly as one would expect from a company which builds world championship sports racing cars.

Having produced a car with electrifying performance, they give the driver all possible help in using it safely. Under the wheel are two triggers; one for the headlamp dipper, one for the flashing turn indicators. Each has a button in the end which flashes the head lamps. Instruments have big, easy-to-read circular dials under a matt black

cowl in front of the driver. Main controls for the powerful heater and ventilator are in the centre, with individual settings at each side.

Unlike the racing cars, the DB 4 has wishbone front suspension instead of trailing arms, and uses coil springs instead of torsion bars. This arrangement is better able to handle the large wheel movements necessary where riding comfort is an important consideration.

The rear axle, also with coil springs, is located with high precision on twin parallel trailing arms and a transverse Watt linkage to prevent hop and dither on poor roads. Braking is amply assured by servo-assisted Dunlop discs.

Front seats have Reutter adjustable backrests which lock instantly in any position down to full recline.

As the engine starts there is a deep masculine note, enough to suggest the presence of 240 horsepower but not enough to interfere with the conversation. The clutch, which has to transmit a great deal of torque, is fairly heavy to operate, yet this is a fast car which any woman can drive—so docile that anyone with sense and discretion can use it to potter about. Synchromesh on all gears, including first, takes effect at a light pressure on the short central lever, and the brakes seem to put down roots that tie you to the ground with irresistible force.

Given full throttle and an open road, the engine really sings; 5,500 r.p.m. on the standard 3.54 axle gives 50 m.p.h. in a flash in

first gear, 75 in second and 100 in third. Top takes it on to 125 m.p.h. with barely a pause. For foreign buyers who have access to wide open spaces, the 2.93 axle is available giving 60 in first, 85 in second, almost 120 in third and a theoretical 150 in top at 5,500 r.p.m. Third option is the 3.31 axle.

In balance, stability and instant response to the controls, the DB 4 is an immense advance over the DB 3 series and comes in the front rank of the world's fast cars. Driving it is an experience which leaves you elated and awestruck. You wonder what else any practical road-going car can have to offer. But in this case the answer is easy; there's the short-chassis DB 4 G.T. competition model which accelerates from 0 to 100 m.p.h. and stops again, tyres smoking, all in 20 seconds.

This will be Aston Martin's standard bearer in international events, now that they have retired from sports car races. Their main effort will be put into their Grand Prix team. Incidentally, it is extraordinary to learn that from 1956 to 1959 inclusive, Aston Martin ran their team with only four DBR1 sports cars. With them they won the 1959 world championship, six world championship races, and set up five new lap records. One car won the Spa Grand Prix, Nurburgring 1,000 km. and Belgian R.A.C. Grand Prix in 1957, the Tourist Trophy in 1958 and Le Mans and the Tourist Trophy in 1959.

*The
Social
Alphabet* **Z** *for zero hour*

*Living only for the present,
How much longer can we stay
Sitting tense around the table
While the seconds tick away?
Time to tell another story,
Time for one more cigarette,
Time for just a little drink—it
Can't be time for leaving yet.
Warm the fire, and soft the comfort;
Semi-consciously we cling
To the short, sweet, passing moment.
Let us keep this precious thing!
Bonded let us be for ever,
Savouring, savouring the mood,
Unresolved and undecided—
Ever-lotus interlude . . .*

*But our host the word has spoken,
Duty's clarion breaks the spell:
"We must go and join the ladies
Or my wife will give me Hell."*

Francis Kinsman

Airlight

by **ANTLER**

Fashionable new hand-luggage styled by ANTLER—incorporating "Plastoglass", new vinyl material reinforced with **FIBREGLASS**—for strength and amazing lightness. The new technique in forming the strong lightweight foundation ensures retention of shape, and the electronically welded seams preclude moisture penetration.

Airlight cases add elegance to your every journey.

Available in Tan, Ivory, Bermuda Red and Breton Blue—rich, ever-smart shades.



Ask or write for the Airlight leaflet—
first step to travelling in style.



THE ANGLO-SCOTTISH CAR-CARRIER

The first *Daytime Restaurant*
Express for you and your car

LONDON-NEWCASTLE-EDINBURGH

A new start to your motoring holiday
in Scotland or Norway. Travel in first
class comfort with your car secure in
a covered van

Edinburgh in less than 8 hours

Newcastle in 5¼ hours, connecting
with sailings to Bergen and Oslo

Full details from Traffic Manager, Great Northern House
79/81 Euston Road, N.W.1

Telephone: TERminus 3677 Ext. 2782 or Stations and agencies

Bookings also given in reverse direction

BRITISH RAILWAYS



Helen Scott Studio

BENJAMIN DOUGLAS (three and a half), son of
Mr. Raymond and the Hon. Mrs. Hanscomb, who
live at Cobwebs, West Wickham, Cambridgeshire



Barry Swaabe

SARAH (four and a half), JOANNA (seven months) and ROBIN (six), the
children of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Smith-Ryland, who live at Sherbourne
Park, Warwickshire where Mr. Smith-Ryland farms the 700 acre estate

Other People's Babies



Betty Swaabe

JOHN FREDERICK DE VILLIERS (two),
son of Mr. & Mrs. Frederick
Nettlefold, of Nether Lypiatt
Manor, near Stroud, Gloucestershire



Barry Swaabe

ALEXANDRA (two), daughter of Mr.
& Mrs. Reresby Sitwell, of
Southwick Place, W.2, and grand-
daughter of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell

Southampton to
U.S.A. & CANADA
the modern way

Consult your Travel Agent or

*Holland-
America
Line*



120 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Tel: WHitehall 1972





COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

by ALBERT ADAIR

ONE OF THE MANY PLEASING aspects of the furniture designs published by Thomas Sheraton under the title of *The Cabinet Maker's and Upholsterer's Drawing Book* (the work appeared in four volumes between 1791 and 1794) is an endearing use of what we should call gimmicks. Sheraton set the fashion for gadgets and cunningly contrived pieces that by means of springs, clips and ingenious cabinet making revealed a number of unexpected additional features. Drawers, screens and mirrors appeared, with a little manipulation, like rabbits from a conjurer's hat.

Among the Sheraton designs is a Pembroke table that unfolds into a tall set of library steps with hand rails; a two-tier dumb waiter with drawers for cutlery, racks for plates and circular holes for bottles and glasses; a Cheval glass with swivelling toilet boxes attached or, to quote Sheraton "with a convenience for writing as well as for dressing which rises by a little horse." (The Cheval or horse in this connection is derived from the four-legged frame on which the full-length mirror hangs.)

This is the sort of composite furniture that might have been designed for a tiny modern flatlet; undoubtedly such pieces

can sometimes be a nuisance but the example reproduced above by courtesy of Messrs. Denys Wrey Ltd. has a pleasing elegance and proportion. And more than that—it works. The table is shown half open, the pigeonholes and drawers at the back descend into the main body and rise on a spring only when it is opened by raising the side flaps. These as shown are only half open and fold outwards yet again to reveal filing cavities beneath. Below the pigeonholes and behind the velvet-covered sloping writing rest are the ink wells and pen trays. The writing rest itself folds inwards flat and when closed appears as a drawer front matching the drawer beneath. This, when opened, is found to be a fitted dressing table with rising toilet mirror and all accessories. Below again the concave tambour doors slide back to reveal a cupboard.

"Everything but the kitchen sink," you might say, but how tastefully and efficiently contrived and the whole in an attractively faded mahogany.

Such pieces may not appeal to every taste but they are typical of the last decade of the 18th century and the early years of the 19th and it was Sheraton's book of designs that provided the inspiration.

LEISURE IN LUXURY

Magnificence
of setting and
service... sun-
bathed wide-
windowed rooms...
of superb
cuisine and
cellar, golf,
squash, tennis,
bridge and
nightly dancing.



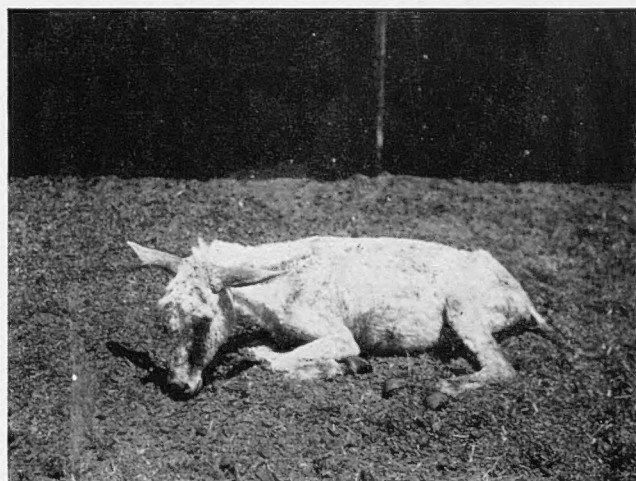
Imperial
TORQUAY Tel: 4301

Brochure E on request

THE ENGLISH HOTEL IN THE MEDITERRANEAN MANNER

OLD WAR HORSE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL (Brooke Hospital for Animals), Cairo

Founded in 1934 by Mrs. Geoffrey Brooke in memory of the British Army horses and mules of the First World War she rescued in Egypt in her Old War Horse Campaign in the 1930's.



Sanctuary at last. One of many donkeys, horses and mules saved from further suffering in 1959. Some thousands of others restored to health each year, brought in before too late.

Free treatment to working animals of the poor, free instruction to their owners. Your contributions will save animals who can be cured and also those who must be given a merciful release.
Please help this humane, constructive work.

Donations gratefully received and Report on request from the Secretary:

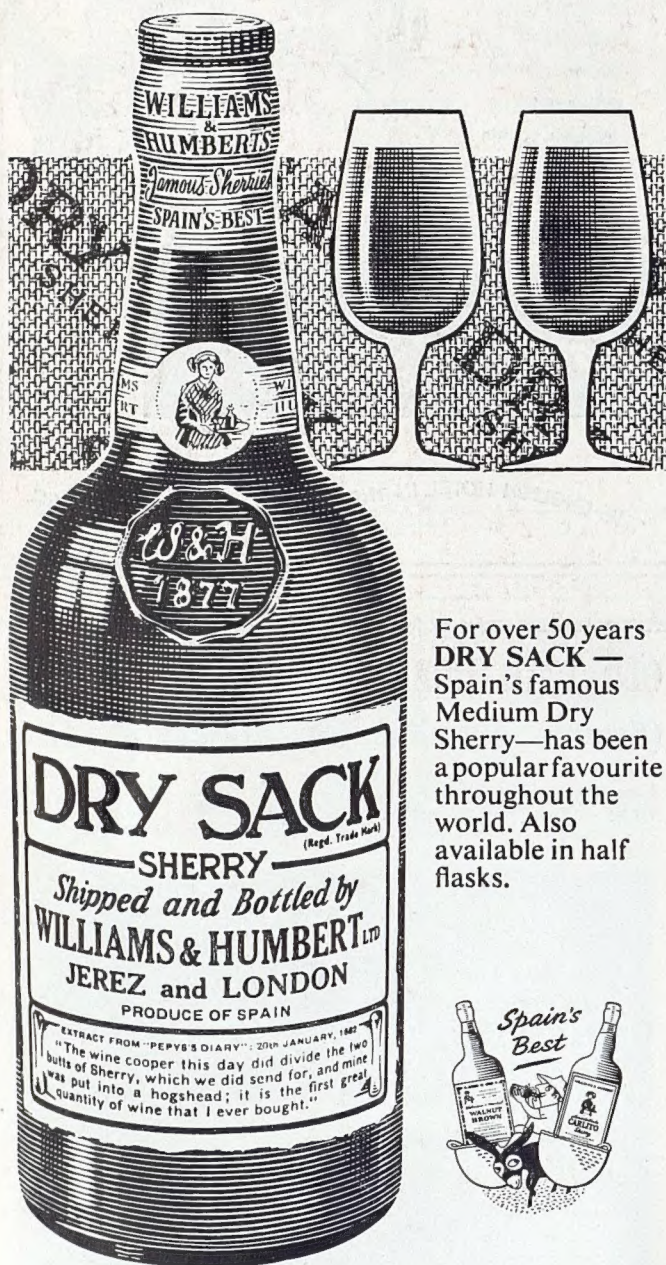
OLD WAR HORSE MEMORIAL HOSPITAL
EMPIRE HOUSE (4th Floor), 175 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

WILLIAMS & HUMBERT'S

DRY SACK

REGD.

SHERRY



For over 50 years **DRY SACK**—Spain's famous Medium Dry Sherry—has been a popular favourite throughout the world. Also available in half flasks.



Shippers of the famous

**WALNUT BROWN · CARLITO
CANASTA CREAM and PANDO**

Sherries

**BODEGAS: JEREZ DE LA FRONTERA SPAIN
LONDON HOUSE: 35 SEETHING LANE EC3**



DINING IN

Window-box herbs

by HELEN BURKE

THESE NOTES ARE INTENDED FOR flat-dwellers who like to cook with herbs. For people with gardens they may be superfluous—though I have a sneaking feeling that not enough garden-owners bother to plant herb beds.

Growing in the window-boxes of my London flat I have had "forests" of parsley which is, I suppose, the most useful all-round herb we have, and chervil, to which the French might give first place. Then there are chives, mint (at one time I had five varieties of it), basil, marjoram, sage, thyme and lovage, that celery-flavoured perennial which takes the place of celery when there is none of it about. I have not grown a bay tree (*laurus nobilis*) because the dried leaves I buy are satisfactory enough, but it can be grown, provided it is in not too windy a position.

My sage bush must be 12 years old. I keep it dwarfed by close cutting it each year. In this country, I believe, basil is easier to grow in a window-box than in the open. Such has been the experience of several of my friends.

Next to parsley—sometimes in front of it—I place chives. This year mine, in both boxes, began to peep up in February, and when I looked at them I remarked that they were a little too clever by half. But they are sturdy, about two inches tall by now, and going strong. By the time these notes appear, I shall be cutting them for *Crème Vichyssoise*, and to roll buttered baby new potatoes in them.

Soon, when mint and last year's self-sown parsley which has survived the winter come along, I shall take fresh leaves of all of them, including sage and lovage, chop them finely and add them to French dressing for green salads of all kinds. I add the herb mixture to three parts rich olive oil, one part mild wine vinegar and a little mustard, emulsified in my electric liquidizer in a matter of moments.

Crème Vichyssoise? Before leeks disappear from our markets, let's make this delicious soup again. For

5 to 6 servings, start by chopping a small to medium-sized onion and the white part only of 2 to 3 well cleaned medium-sized leeks. Melt an ounce of butter in the soup pot, add the vegetables and gently cook them until they are soft and translucent but not at all coloured.

Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint chicken stock or hot water and 2 to 3 chopped medium-sized potatoes, cover and cook until the potatoes fall. Rub through a sieve. Return the *purée* to the pot and add $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints milk, or milk and water. Bring to the boil and add pepper and salt to taste. Leave to become cold, stirring several times as it cools.

Finally, add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint double cream and, if possible, chill. Sprinkle with chopped chives and serve. (Though this soup is generally chilled, it can be served hot, if preferred.)

This recipe, slightly adapted by me, was first given by Louis Diat, the famous chef who was for more than 40 years at the one-time Ritz-Carlton in New York. It appears in his *Sauces, French And Famous* (Hammond & Hammond, 10s. 6d.).

To return to chives: Try adding a tablespoon of chopped chives to whipped mashed potatoes for four servings. Another pleasant addition to potatoes is grated orange rind.

Just now there are a lot of double poussins and slightly larger ones about. They need a little something to make up for what they lack when they are so young. One way is to grill them and serve them with a Devil Sauce. Allow half a poussin per person.

Draw the chicken and cut it down the back with poultry shears. Open it out and run two parallel metal skewers through to keep it flat. Brush all over with softened butter, season with pepper and salt and grill at a fairly high heat, cut side first. Turn the bird. Brush it generously with more softened butter and French mustard, sprinkle with breadcrumbs, then lower the heat and finish the grilling.

For the Devil Sauce: Cook a chopped shallot in 2 tablespoons tarragon vinegar until most of the vinegar has evaporated. Add a teaspoon of tubed tomato *purée* and $\frac{1}{4}$ pint stock or water. Simmer to reduce a little. Add a few grains of Cayenne and pepper and salt to taste. Blend together $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon arrowroot and a dessertspoon of water. Stir into the boiling sauce. Finally, add a walnut of butter and a pinch each of chopped parsley, tarragon and chervil.

Cut the chicken through the breast-bone and serve with the Devil Sauce and fresh green salad.

For the benefit of those who would like to have their own herb boxes, I ought to tell you that I bought my original plants, by post, from the Herb Farm, Seal, Sevenoaks, Kent.



Drawing by JOHN WARD A.R.A., on board a P & O ship

Why do more and more busy people travel to Australia by P & O?

Good health . . . good food . . . good company . . . *a good chance to catch up with unfinished work.* These are the reasons why more and more busy people decide to travel to Australia by P&O. And the choice of a P&O trip to Australia is wholly practical. Because only a sea voyage can give you the physical and mental refreshment, the time to rest, read and *think* that gets you there right on top of your form.

Good Health Brilliant sunshine . . . bracing sea air . . . perfect relaxation. You can *feel* a P&O voyage doing you good. You walk off the ship fit, tanned, physically renewed, mentally refreshed.

Good Food Gastronomic masterpieces . . . or the simplest of plain food . . . P&O cater for the most diverse tastes. You can be sure that there's exactly what you want—every day of your memorable trip to Australia.

Good Company Businessmen . . . writers soldiers . . . doctors . . . a P&O ship always carries a fascinating cross-section of society. And so many pleasant places to meet: sunlit decks . . . cool lounges . . . quiet bars.

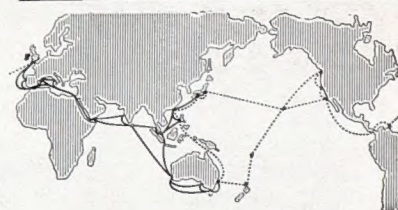
Good Work Time to read . . . to digest . . . to prepare. On a P&O voyage you can cope with the mass of work that there never seems time for at home or at the office. A P&O trip is a practical proposition for any professional man or woman.

DON'T FORGET YOUR WIFE!

What's good for you is good for your wife and family, so they'll enjoy the benefits of a P&O voyage too—even if they have to follow you out later. There are nurseries and trained children's hostesses on every ship. Incidentally more and more men than ever before are taking their wives with them on normal business trips.

Air-and-Sea If you're in a hurry, you have the best of both worlds by flying part-way, sailing the rest. Or flying out, sailing home. Whatever combination of air and sea travel suits you best can be arranged with your travel agent.

Pacific Outlets P & O is not only a great Commonwealth lifeline, with all the traditions of the British Mercantile Marine, but a magnificent outlet to the Pacific too. In conjunction with Orient Line, under the name Orient & Pacific Lines, services extend from Australia to the Orient and the West Coast of North America.



P & O

P & O FIRST CLASS TO AUSTRALIA IS AN INVESTMENT

14 COCKSPUR ST., S.W.1. WHITEHALL 4444
122 LEADENHALL ST., E.C.3. AVENUE 8000



THE RARE FINO

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE IVY

For many years revered and enjoyed in distinguished sherry-drinking circles it can now be obtained at high-class bars, restaurants and wine merchants. GARVEY'S FINO SAN PATRICIO is internationally known as Spain's most celebrated true Fino sherry. For the elegance, crispness and superb bouquet of a supreme dry sherry, ask for...



GARVEY'S FINO SAN PATRICIO

IMPORTED BY MATTHEW CLARK & SONS LIMITED, WALBROOK HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4